

THE PACIFIC

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The Arisen.

WHAT is it springs from murk and mire,
Lifts up toward heaven a slim green spire,
And then expands in blossomings
As pure and white as angels' wings?
The lily from the dark mould springs,
And blossoms white as angels' wings.
What is it climbs from sin and shame,
Led ever by a pure white flame,
Climbs upward toward the Bethlehem Star,
To reach the heaven where angels are?
A child may climb up toward the light,
And one day reach an angel's height.
Who was it rolled the stone away?
Who was it winged the feet of clay?
Who was it took from death its sting,
And from the grave its conquering?
The Lord Christ rose on Easter Day,
And led for men the heavenly way.
And who are these, the ages through,
Who groped the dark, and evil knew,
Yet, followed near, or followed far,
The Evening and the Morning Star?
Rejoice! All men that earth have trod
May reach to be the Sons of God!

—Charles Stuart Pratt.

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Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

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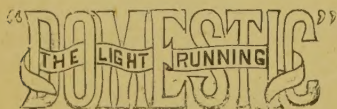
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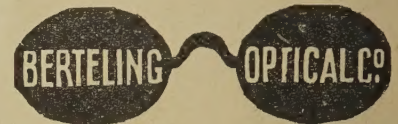
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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, June 13, 1901.

For Thy Need.

Place the spindle, hold the distaff,
Waiting one;
Ply thy hands as at the spinning
To be done,
And in full, abundant measure,
God will give, in his good pleasure,
Flax for all thy need.

—Anna Montague.

It is worthy of note that whenever Christ is reported in the gospels as being "moved with compassion," the words in that connection are "when he saw"—when he saw he was moved with compassion and spoke or acted tenderly. Today, also, the seeing precedes the compassion. Is any minister seeking the note of compassion and tenderness in his preaching, let him not shut himself up in his study, but let him get out and mingle with the needy, suffering world. Then will he deal with people not merely professionally, but also sympathetically. The best sermons a minister preaches are not those that are born in the study, but in those hours when he is mingling with his people, learning thus their needs and their aspirations.

Out of some hard and bitter experience in a person's life often comes that which is for his highest good and the great good also of others. Joseph's brethren sold him into slavery, but Joseph became great at the court of Pharaoh, and was able to say finally to his brethren: "As for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good, to bring it to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." That evil deed turned out well for Joseph, and he in his kindness made it turn out well for his brethren. John Newton, in his early life, was a slave trader. Once a shipmate so angered him by cutting down his bunk while he was sleeping that he would not remain aboard that ship, but left it for another. It was this change which brought him under Christian influences that led to his conversion, and gave to the church one of its most useful ministers. Our disappointments are often God's appointments. Charles Simeon of England promised on a certain occasion to preach a missionary sermon, but became too ill to fill the engagement. Dr. Stewart was asked to take his place, and among those who heard him was the youthful Alexander Duff, whose life was by that sermon turned into mis-

sionary channels. It is not given unto all to see these connections in their lives here, but all shall see them hereafter.

Readers of The Pacific may be interested in learning a little more about the Rev. William Thurston Brown, who announced not long ago what he called the marriage of Professor Herron and Miss Rand, and who laid the necessity for such little marriage ceremony as there was to what he called "faulty human laws." This Mr. Brown, as stated in The Pacific last week, is pastor of Plymouth church, Rochester, New York. He is the author of the article in the Arena for May, entitled "A Tragedy of Conscience," in which article, written about the time Mrs. Herron's suit for divorce was announced, it was said: "Those of us who are at all acquainted with George D. Herron know that his soul is white. It is impossible for any one to put his finger on a single unclean spot in the record of this man. His life has been one long crucifixion, and nothing under heaven but the violation of the eternal law of his own being and the betrayal of the highest interest of men and women could have prevented it. * * * There is not one act of his which was not prompted by a selfless love. * * * And the one act for which he has been so ignorantly and universally condemned, while refusing to open his mouth in one word of self-defense, and which act brought upon him the supreme agony of his life, exhibited qualities of character which are nothing less than divine." Strange that a preacher of the gospel should so forget Christ's words concerning marriage as to make such an utterance as this! But Mr. Brown seems to be wont to say strange things. In a sermon preached in his pulpit in Rochester on the 17th of December, 1899, he said: "I regard the attempt to regenerate society by first of all trying to regenerate the individuals composing it as a nightmare, as being opposed to the only sane philosophy I am acquainted with." And he said further in that sermon: "If I believed that the social and industrial movement of the present time was religious in the sense in which that term is usually understood—in the sense which would be acceptable to any creed or denomination or priesthood, I would have nothing whatever to do with it from this day forth. I should regard it as bearing its own condemnation on its very face." And then he held

up the church still further to scorn in the following words: "I have had some acquaintance with religious people. I know a larger number of people within the church than I do outside of it. And I want to say to you that nowhere within the church have I ever found greater faith or hope or love than I have found in men and women, some of whom have been branded as 'infidels' by a church which long ago forgot the only thing that ever gave it a right to be."

Wishing to ascertain the immediate fruits of such preaching we turn to the Year Book and note that Mr. Brown up to January, 1900, in a pastorate which began in 1898, had received only one person into his church on confession of faith, and that not a dollar had been contributed to any of the missionary or benevolent societies of the Congregational churches since his pastorate began, although contributions were made in previous years by the church. This is as we should expect it to be. There is no power in such preaching.

The Individual Communion Cup.

It is only slowly that individual communion cups are being introduced into the churches. The reluctance to adopt them arises generally from the fact that there is nothing in the history of the Christian church to show that other than the common cup was used by Christ and by the apostles. This, perhaps, was not the reason why the Park Street Congregational church of Boston recently decided not to adopt the individual cups. A movement for their adoption arose among the younger members of the church. The opposition was largely among the older members, and sentiment figured to considerable extent in that opposition. The cups now in use were presented to the Park Street church when it was founded in 1810. They are of massive silver, cost \$500, and bear the names of the donors, who were early pillars in the church.

The reluctance to introduce the individual cup, because of the fact that it was the common cup that was used by Christ and the apostles, is more general in the Methodist Episcopal church than in any other of prominence. The Rev. Dr. Buckley has taken a position against it in the Christian Advocate, declaring that the use of the individual cup is a violation of the Discipline of the church. At the last General Conference an attempt was made to legalize their use. But a motion that their use be approved was almost unanimously laid upon the table. Nevertheless, the individual cups are used in several Methodist churches, and once at an annual conference Bishop Warren, when the change was sprung upon him, not wishing to create a sensation by ordering the cups removed, used them in administering the sacrament. It is said that Bishop Vincent was, in a manner somewhat similar, inveigled into their use on one occasion. But previous to this the board of bishops had declared that no individual church should assume to alter the mode of administration which had been determined by the General Conference. A ridiculous situation

has come about in one prominent church of this denomination in a great city. Yielding to the importunity of a few, the official board ordered that the sacrament be administered with both the individual and the common cup. The communicants go forward to the table, where those who want the individual cups reach out their hands and take them, after which the pastor presents the common cup to the others. "The result," says the New York Advocate, "has been that the communion has been brought into contempt. Children who go up to commune have to decide which method to adopt. About two-fifths take the individual cup and three-fifths the common. But many of the congregation are so disgusted that they remain away from the service. That any considerable number of thoughtful and reverent persons could propose or endure such a situation as this seems incredible, but such is the case."

During recent years, since the agitation for the use of the individual cup began, it has been said that it is not absolutely certain that Christ and the apostles used the common cup, and it has been asserted by some that Christ did *not* use a common cup. However, the church historians indicate otherwise. In the writings of Ignatius there is a passage in which occur these words: "And one cup is distributed among them all." Neander gives no indication of having found evidence to the contrary. Writing concerning the farewell of Christ, he says: "He takes the cup of red wine, blesses it, sends it round." So also other historians write of the one cup passing around the circle.

But the great exegete, Godet, finds what he regards as evidence for the individual cup. Commenting on the words of Luke, "And he took the cup and gave thanks, and said, Take this and divide it among yourselves," Godet says: "After this simple and touching introduction Jesus passed the *first* cup. The distribution may have taken place in two ways—either by each drinking from the common cup or by their emptying the wine of that cup into their own. The Greek term would suit better the second view."

There is no doubt that the danger of the use of the common cup in modern times has been greatly exaggerated. But that there is no such danger it will be difficult to bring people to believe, and the probabilities are that the individual cup will make its way gradually into the churches, and before the middle of the century will have crowded out, largely, the common cup.

Tobacco Users Ruled Out.

Hereafter the United Brethren church will not grant license to preach to any person who uses tobacco in any form. This action, which was taken at their last general Conference a few weeks ago, recalls to mind the action of a bishop in the church who was preaching the sermon at one of their Annual Conferences thirty-five years ago. The present writer, a little ten-year-old boy at that time, will never forget the impression that was made upon him by the action of the bishop on that occasion. The

sermon was one in which he was summoning the members of the conference to higher living and urging them to cast aside every thing that hindered or encumbered. At the most impassioned point he thought of the plug of tobacco in his pocket and of the habit which had long bound him to it notwithstanding the realization that his influence was not, because of it, all that it should be from one in his position. His hand sought his pocket. The tobacco was held up in full view of the large congregation for a moment, and then was hurled out of the window, and at the same time came the solemn avowal that he would never again touch the weed. Never was sermon better or more vividly illustrated. The bishop's influence was a better one thereafter. And any preacher of the gospel who breaks away from the tobacco habit will add to his influence for good. We recall now a Presbyterian minister, pastor of a church in the State of Washington some years ago, whose smoking habits were quite offensive to many of his people, and not a few fathers and mothers feared the effect upon the children in their own homes and the homes of others in the community. So saturated was this minister with tobacco smoke that several ladies could scarcely endure a pastoral visit from him.

"Does he smoke?" was a question asked concerning a minister who had been recommended not long ago to a California Congregational church. "If he does there is no need for us to enquire further," said a member. They were not cranky, but there were some of their number to whom the use of tobacco was offensive, and they did not propose to force any such candidate upon those persons so long as men not thus addicted could be found.

A writer in the Sunday-school Times tells how the late Dr. Babcock of the Brick Presbyterian church, New York, declined a cigar and an invitation to join in a social smoke. It is said that his face lighted up with one of his winning smiles, and then he said: "Thank you very much for your kindness. But you know I have a profession that means more to me than anything else in the world. I guard it very jealously. I am liable to be called out at any time of night or day in the service of my profession, and, if I were called suddenly to the bedside of some one who was dying, it wouldn't seem just right—would it?—if I had the odor of tobacco in my clothes and on my breath. So you'll pardon me, won't you, if I don't join you in this?"

The sentiment against the use of tobacco by ministers is growing rapidly. Methodist conferences have for some time ruled against its use. And we have seen it stated that the United Brethren church even went so far in its legislation as to direct that licenses shall be revoked from those now in its ministry who persist in its use.

We believe that its use by Congregational ministers will be found generally objectionable, and that the time is not far distant when that use will be a decided bar to advancement in the Congregational ministry. We can not legislate against it as can the United Brethren and Methodists, but the churches can speak so effectively when men are being considered for pastorates that the results will not be dissimilar.

The Pacific has not written a homily on the use of tobacco by ministers. We have shown only the trend of sentiment. That is homily enough. There must be some good reason for this trend.

Professor Herron Deposed.

The Congregational council at Grinnell, Iowa, last week did the only thing it could do under the circumstances—deposed Prof. Herron from the ministry. He declined to appear, and the council was accordingly not mutual but *ex parte*. A letter written by him, intended to be in excuse and defense, contained such statements as to make it evident that he was no longer worthy recognition as a minister of the gospel. Any doubts that may have been in the minds of any as to his unworthiness were removed by these plain statements over his own signature. The finding of the council was that in that communication "he denied the right of society to sanction or undo the marriage relation between man and woman, presents a view of the conjugal relation, of parenthood and the home which is abhorrent to enlightened Christian sentiment," and which confirmed in the opinion that his action was simply "the criminal desertion of a worthy wife and devoted mother by a man who has deliberately falsified his marriage vows."

The Supreme Court of the United States holds that "the union for life of one man and one woman in the holy estate of matrimony is the sure foundation of all that is stable and noble in our civilization, the best guaranty of that reverent morality which is the source of all progress." And the tendency of law everywhere is to prevent the dissolution of the marriage tie on all trivial grounds. But Professor Herron, tiring of the woman to whom with these words, "To my wife, who has been my most loving counsel," he dedicated his book published in 1892, says: "I do not believe that the present marriage system is sacred or good. It rather seems to me to be the destruction of the liberty and love and truth which make life sacred and worth while. * * * The family founded on force is a survival of slavery, and one of the expressions of the slave principles on which our whole civilization is built." And then, in one sweeping excuse for his erratic conduct, for ceasing without any good reason to love her whom he had once loved, he declares: "The life which you condemn me for not living was a lie."

But Prof. Herron made it a lie. There might have been truth and beauty in it all the while, as there was in the beginning. There is no more excuse for Professor Herron than there was for Henry VIII, in his dastardly treatment of his wives. With hardly an exception the world condemns Professor Herron today, and history will condemn him. He is not the leader of a reform, but has stepped backward into a chasm which has swallowed him, so far as influence is concerned. It is sad, indeed! Many who loved him as he once was weep for him today. "Was Professor Herron nice and good?" said a lady in Oakland, a few days ago to an aged lady who

was a member of the church of which he was first pastor. "Is our pastor here nice and good?"—one of beautiful life, whom she knew all loved—was the reply, and the lips quivered and tears flowed down the cheeks.

Notes.

The First Congregational church of San Francisco made a good record last year in its contributions for missionary and benevolent purposes. It was at the rate of \$30 a member. For all purposes the contributions averaged \$49.35 per member. If any church on the Coast excels this we shall be glad to chronicle the fact, so as to stimulate all to noble endeavor.

It is not thought that George M. Pullman will outlive the divorce proceedings brought against him. Disease, induced by a life of dissipation, has so reduced him that he weighs only eighty-five pounds. He has spent his life rapidly and seems to have enjoyed the spending. But it is better not to have lived at all than to have lived as young Pullman has.

Edward Kimball, the man who, as a Sunday-school teacher, led Dwight L. Moody into the Christian life, and who had in his later years a remarkably successful career as a church-debt raiser, died last Thursday in Chicago. One of his most notable successes was in raising the debt on Dr. C. S. Robinson's church in New York city. It amounted to \$110,000, but it was wiped out by two Sundays' effort. In San Francisco and Oakland and all along the Pacific Coast, as well as in other parts of the country, people will long remember Edward Kimball because of the relief brought by him from burdensome church debts. At the age of 78 he entered into rest, having raised not less than \$1,500,000 for churches of various denominations in America. "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

The Portland Telegram states that the Rev. B. S. Winchester, who resigned recently the pastorate of the Hassalo Street Congregational church of Portland, expects to be in Chicago July 1st to enter on his work as assistant pastor of the New England church. Mr. Winchester graduated from Chicago Theological Seminary in 1895, receiving the scholarship which provided for two years' study in Europe. This study he took in Germany at the University of Halle-Wittenberg. For two years he was professor at Whitman College, Walla Walla. His pastorates have been at Snohomish, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. Everywhere he has done excellent work, commending himself to all with whom he came in contact. We are sorry that the Pacific Coast is to lose him from its work.

The organization of a second Congregational church in Vancouver, British Columbia, may be for the best interests of the church-kingdom, but we doubt it. We gather from a Vancouver paper that the movement was inaugurated by persons desirous of having a church which should be "liberal in theology, evangelistic in spirit, institutional in method, and which shall stand for independence and brotherhood." The Rev. W. A. Vrooman of Winnipeg has accepted a call to the pastorate; or rather, he was invited to come and organize the church and to be its first pastor. In his reply to the committee Mr. Vrooman says: "The voluntary union of more than one hundred earnest men and women in summoning me to this work is a promise of its stability and progress. With you I am convinced there is an ample opportunity in your city for a good work to be done by

such a church as you desire." Mr. Vrooman stated further that he desired that no doctrinal barriers be set up and suggested the following covenant as the bond of union and sole condition of membership: "Trusting in the grace of God for forgiveness of sins and personal salvation, I declare it to be my earnest purpose to do His will and to help the extension of His kingdom by a life of Christian love and service according to the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ. I will do all in my power to sustain and advance the work of this church in loyal and cordial co-operation with the other members and will labor for the promotion of practical Christianity in all the social relationships of men."

Religious World.

Dr. Gunsaulus takes again the presidency of Armour Institute, in connection with his work at pastor of Central church, Chicago.

The doctors, the druggists and the dentists in the Reformed Church have been asked to support a medical missionary in China.

A Philippine Christian Endeavor Society reports 128 members. It has shown its consecration by a generous contribution for a church building.

"How to Capture the Men for Missions," was the topic considered in a Woman's Missionary meeting recently. Kingdom Extension Societies are doing it in some churches.

The Presbyterian church at Skaguay, Alaska, is only two years old, but it is self-supporting. It is said that the church at Nome, organized last summer, has also assumed self-support.

Four years ago an Esquimaux by the name of Koonooya was a heathen of the heathens. A few weeks ago he sat in the Presbyterian General Assembly as a lay commissioner from Alaska.

It is said that a certain popular novel of the last few months has been worth more to the cause of liberal religion than all the sermons of the liberal ministers for a year. The liberal ministers make this claim.

The first Protestant church in Alaska was built in 1879. Mission work in the Territory was begun at Fort Wrangle in 1877 by Mrs. McFarland, who was sent out by the First Presbyterian church of Portland.

The Greek church in Alaska receives \$60,000 a year from the Russian government. It has eleven stations in Alaska, but is said to be declining. The membership, according to the last statistics, was 13,735. Native Protestants in Alaska number 7,160; Roman Catholics, 500.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly the story was told of an Alaskan miner who, on hearing the preaching of the gospel after being deprived of it for six years, emptied his gold sack into the contribution box. "I was glad," said the Psalmist long ago, "when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." So, also, this miner. The gospel was to him good news.

The Church of England has two great missionary societies, one supported chiefly by the High church element, the other by the Low church. The contributions to the latter were for the year recently ended \$1,750,000; for the former, \$891,980. The Church Missionary Society, which received the larger contributions, has planned for work this year which will require about \$300,000 more than was received last year.

"Sin is that deep thing that we never notice until we understand that the measure of its mischief is the Cross," said Canon Knox Little of England, recently. Sin made the Cross necessary if for man there was to be a way back to God. And the great loving heart of the Son of God made the Cross possible and actual.

The British Weekly reports Dr. Dunning, editor of The Congregationalist as saying that Dr. George A. Gordon stands at the head of the Boston pulpit. It is said also that Dr. Dunning looks upon the state of religious life in England as encouraging, and that he has been particularly impressed by the quiet work done in many directions by the laity.

"Co-operating with harmony and avoiding all conflicts," is what a member of the army department of the Y. M. C. A. says concerning the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists in their missionary work in the Philippines. Rev. J. B. Rodgers, the Presbyterian missionary holds services every night in the native quarters of Manila, and the attendance averages about one thousand. The Methodists hold eighteen services weekly for the natives and twelve for the soldiers. It is said that the average weekly attendance at the services for the natives is about three thousand. The Baptist work is on other islands, the work in and near Manila being left to the Presbyterians and Methodists, who were first on the field. This comity is commendable. There is room for something like it in the homeland.

A committee of twenty-one, says the Rev. Dr. Minton, will prepare a statement of the faith of the Presbyterian church. "But the statement is not to be regarded as a new constitutional Confessional Formula. It is to be an official pronunciamento to which no one, however, is to declare allegiance in ordination vows. It is to be popularly didactic. If any one wants to know what the Presbyterian church believes this statement will answer his inquiry. In addition to this, the Committee is to prepare a Declaratory Statement, explaining and removing difficulties growing out of infelicitous forms of statement in the Confession of Faith. And if this method of relief be thought insufficient by the committee, it is authorized to report to the next Assembly in New York certain changes in the way of textual revision of the Confession itself."

It has been quite the fashion among the extreme critics of the Old Testament, says the London Christian, to brand as unhistorical the narratives of the Hexateuch. "Under their apparatus the substantial figures of the patriarchs are attenuated until they appear only as tribal ghosts evolved out of the imagination of Semitic peoples. A revolt, however, is setting in against these wild and extreme positions. Professor G. Adam Smith, in his recently published books, says that critics are now admitting the historical reality of the Patriarch Abraham, and the writer on the 'Exodus' in the extreme 'Encyclopedia Biblica' admits the truth of the Exodus from Egypt into Canaan. These rebounds are very significant; we shall yet have more of them. They ought to teach eager novelty-hunters the unwisdom of snatching at every bait that presents itself. Especially they ought to impose silence upon some of our pulpit mountebanks who hasten to proclaim every new theory as if it were an established fact—quite heedless of the terrible injury they inflict upon their hearers."

Several New York churches are working for endowments. Calvary Baptist church seeks \$150,000. Dr. MacArthur, the pastor, says that he does not wish to

have it fully endowed, lest the people should give no longer as they ought. He says that changes, as far up as Central Park and the center Manhattan Island, are so imminent that endowments must, in many cases, be secured at once if a repetition of the mistakes of the past is to be avoided. The Central Presbyterian church on Fifty-seventh street, just west of Seventh avenue, will begin soon an effort to secure \$100,000 on endowment. More will be attempted later. St. Thomas' Episcopal has secured \$10,000 on a proposed endowment of \$250,000. It is said that Harlem churches, a few years ago up-town churches, are now working for endowments. First, however, some of them have debts to be raised; and as to this they realize that it is now or never. West-side and Madison Avenue churches are beginning to talk up the matter of endowments. The endowment idea for churches located as all these are is something new.

It seems that Professors Henry Preserved Smith and J. F. Genung gave such addresses on the Bible at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Congregational churches and ministers as to lead Dr. John Thurston to remark that if the essays were true the time had come to call a halt in the distribution of the Bible. Dr. Addison P. Foster says in his report in The Advance: "Prof. Genung ridiculed the reverence of our forefathers in reading the Bible at family prayers, and called it superstition." Concerning Dr. John Thurston's remarks it is said: "He insisted that it is folly to claim that modern scholarship is a unit in these iconoclastic views, when such men as Professors Green, Beecher, Osgood, Chas. M. Mead, Jas. Robertson of Glasgow and Principal Cain do not accept them. He dwelt on the difficulties in the presuppositions which lie at the foundation of these new views as that the evolution theory applied to the spiritual world. He insisted that we should read both sides, not only Matthew Arnold, Robertson Smith, Driver, Cheyne and Briggs, but the writers just mentioned." The great applause which followed his remarks was an indication that the churches of Massachusetts have not yet been swept from their moorings.

The Baptist chapel car work has been carried on for ten years. And it is recorded that no other branch of Baptist work can show such wonderful results in reaching the common people and in establishing religious services in destitute places. The number of cars has been limited to six because it was thought that no more could be properly worked. It is said that several generous gifts have been made toward their endowment. Another far-reaching, evangelizing agency has been the colportage wagon. Last summer one of these wagons enabled a missionary and his wife to visit six hundred homes in the mountains and valleys of Idaho. They claim to have reached in that State one family that is the farthest from a railroad of any in the United States. Eighteen of these wagons are now at work, and the society having the work in charge says that it will be restless and untiring in its efforts until there is one in every State. The testimony is: "The experience of three years proves this method to be the best possible for the evangelization of the unconverted masses, and everywhere the people are pleading with us to send the wagon into their territory." Three Western States—California, Idaho and Montana—have these wagons. Four will be in operation soon in Texas. Speaking, concerning this work, at the recent National anniversaries, the Rev. Dr. Whitman of Philadelphia made a statement which we are glad to quote: "Our colporteurs and missionaries and chapel car workers do not preach to men that they may be Baptists, but that they may be Christians."

The Bystander.

Redwood Sketches.

The Bystander begins this week some notes from nature. The mind has a few retreats to which it goes for rest and inspiration. It finds congenial company in the great minds who talk through the printed page and look down from shelves in the library. It finds refreshment among the great creations in color and marble, but it finds its truest fellowship among the hills from whence cometh its help. The hill has always been the symbol of God, the soul's natural altar. It is here that the soul looks "up through nature unto nature's God." Here are all moods and passions reflected, in the storm-cloud or in the soft radiance of the setting or the rising sun. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts to our California hills. No art gallery in Europe equals the solemn splendors of the Yosemite, or rivals the artistic beauty of the quieter nooks and corners of the State. God has adorned this favored land with choicest wild flowers and tipped the mountain summits with gleaming snows which never melt. It is, therefore, a refreshing change to leave the crowded city streets, and go a-foot along the hills and streams, under the redwoods, and beneath a sky softer in its spotless blue than the sky which stretches over the Riviera.

Somebody said, if you wish exercise, "Take a walk." Certainly, walking with one's eyes open is good for the whole man, for every muscle and moral. The wooded path is more fascinating than the street, for it teems with life, stirs with action and leads out into a great, large and wonderful world.

One is impressed with the battle going on in nature; the everlasting conflict between the fit and the unfit, and the apparent carelessness of nature of the mass, which is only equaled by its emphasis upon the preservation of the type.

"So careful of the type? But no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me;
I bring to life; I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath;
I know no more, and he shall be."

The Boy in the Country.

The Bystander is the owner of a boy, a real live, rollicking, happy-go-lucky boy. He will serve as a text for a few reflections upon the city boy in the country. It is the old story of the bird let out of the cage, of the boy animal let loose in a large place, to be and do as he pleases. Boys take to the country, and the country responds to the boy. It is a meeting of something kindred. The boy who does not love the country is not in good health. There is something wrong with his liver. If he does not get up early in the morning to hear the wild bird—

"Whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,"

he is not a natural boy. He must have a passion to ride every horse, and talk, as Booker Washington does, with every hog, and start a lasting acquaintance with every barnyard fowl, and know precisely where to cast the fly for the trout. His face is tanned and his hands are brown.—

"Blessings on thee, little man!
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
With thy upturned pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes."

What the boy feels in the country is freedom; freedom for pent-up energy, and for eyes and ears, and

hands and feet. Freedom for the soul. There is no boundary to his being, and all the animals appear to acknowledge this liberty of the boy who revels in the glorious life of the country.

About Snakes.

True to that peculiar racial aversion which some people have to some snakes, the Bystander confesses to that characteristic fear which makes him start at the rustle of the leaves under his feet, and that well known noise a snake makes as it glides away into the forest. In other words, the Bystander does not like snakes, and has not a very great regard for the unnatural people who do. Just why there is such enmity between the human race and the serpent is hard to tell, unless we trace it along theological history, back to the Garden of Eden. The question as to why the snake occupies such an important and discreditable place in Eden still remains to be explained. All sensitive and sensible people have a discriminating respect for such creeping things, many of which are known to be harmless, and, as naturalists tell us, interesting. The Creator's recognition of the rattlesnake's dangerous inclinations is seen in the fact that he has placed an alarm bell in its tail, that the hunter might be warned against the poisonous thing. The Bystander has always interested himself in the psychological reasons why a woman stands still and screams when she sees a mouse or a snake. But there the Bystander, like many of his tribe, is apt to do the next foolish thing, of either hurling a stone, or running, or both as the occasion may demand. After all, we love Ireland for its snakeless woods.

The Grave Under the Redwoods.

It is nameless, but not forgotten. A bunch of wild flowers had been laid upon the tangled weeds, which had sheltered the mound for many months. It is in the depths of the forest, where the redwoods stand, great monarchs of the hills, sheltering the living and the dead. There is something inexpressibly sad about a grave isolated and alone, far away from the wondrous fellowship of the cemetery. The Bystander often thinks of that lone grave in far-away Samoa, where sleeps Robert Louis Stevenson. Even the dead appear to need companionship, and as the Bystander paused for a moment beside this lonely mound under the great, clear sky, within sound of the singing stream, he could not help thinking that here was a history, a love, a memory, a life, buried under the forest's turf.—

"For thus alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

Prof. Gilbert's "Enforced Resignation."

S. BRISTOL.

I quote the words "enforced resignation" from Dr. Abbott in *The Outlook*, and from Prof. Lovejoy's article in *The Pacific*, on "Ethics and Heresy Cases." Both of these gentlemen in their articles express, or imply, a censure of the Board of Directors for advising and accepting Prof. Gilbert's resignation. That means they would have had them still retain the professor in his chair—a permanent fixture in the Chicago Theological Seminary, and supported by its funds! Some of the secular papers take the same view of the matter, and charge the action to narrowness and bigotry! How far astray these men are I propose to show in this article.

1. The Chicago Theological Seminary was not gotten up and endowed by Methodists, or Episcopalians, or Baptists, or Universalists, but by Congregationalists, to

teach and defend the system of religious belief embodied in the Scriptures as they understand it. Among these articles of faith and of fundamental importance is that of the divinity of Christ, the atonement, and the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures.

These doctrines are strongly expressed in the confession of faith each professor subscribes before being inducted into his chair. He is expected to teach and defend those doctrines, and he promises to do so. That this is the status of the case is admitted. Let me ask, then, Has a man a moral right, or even a legal one, to hold on to that chair and draw its salary after he has repudiated its central doctrine—the divinity of Christ, and therefore his capacity to make the great atonement for lost men? Can he be honorable and do so till the resignation is “enforced”? Surely, it ought to be enforced if that common sense of honor which prevails among fair-minded men did not lead him to do it voluntarily.

2. Prof. Gilbert not only denies the divinity of Christ, but denies his personal conscious existence prior to that of Joseph and Mary! In so doing he minimizes our Savior far beyond the Unitarians! For they admit he antedates the eldest angels, being “the first born of every creature,” and only less than the Eternal God. Allowing Prof. Gilbert to retain his chair, what should prevent another chair being occupied by a Universalist, and another by a Christian Scientist, and another by a Catholic, and another by an out-and-out infidel?

And where would our Chicago Seminary be then?

3. But let us look at the demoralizing and distracting work of a professor with Mr. Gilbert’s belief among the students, endeavoring to explain away such passages as the following: Is. ix: 6—“To us a child is born”; “his name shall be called” “the mighty God!” “the everlasting Father!” Micah v: 2—“But thou, Bethlehem, art not the least,” etc.; “out of thee shall come forth unto me a ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting!” Take the passages descriptive of the Creation, in connection with John’s and Paul’s repeated assertions that the “Eloheim” spoken of there was Christ. “All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made.” “By whom also he made the worlds.” Could that being who did all this, and who “was in the beginning with God,” have had no beginning till born in Bethlehem? Do we want a professor in our Theological Seminary who will take up the time of students in an endeavor to eviscerate these and like passages of their obvious meaning to make them conform to his Unitarian views? And if the professor questions the authority of John and Paul, then, of course, he denies the inspiration of these great New Testament writers, and, of course, has no proper place in an orthodox Congregational Seminary.

4. Prof. Gilbert’s assault on the great central doctrine, drawn from the Bible by the church of all the ages, is an assault upon the Book itself, and its author, too! It declares its revelation of a most important matter so misty and misleading that ninety-nine out of a hundred of earnest Christians have been misled thereby, and have been led into idolatry, by worshipping a mere man as a God! And that, too, in all the ages down till now!

5. And finally: The denial of the personal divinity of Christ has ever been fatal to success in the conversion of sinners, or the leading of Christians up into a higher life. A blight as from heaven falls at once upon the church and the preacher who rejects Christ’s divinity and treats him only as a man!

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A good lady at our Endeavor meeting tonight read a story of a useful African woman, whose father was converted many many years ago in Africa by the devoted Missionary Lindley. It reminded me of an incident the lovely old saint told me twenty years or more ago, when the A. B. C. F. M. met at Minneapolis. I was guest at the same delightful Hale home with him and there was prompt affinity between us. We were hunters—not exactly of the Ernest Seton Thompson stripe. Yet I think we both subordinated our passion for guns to our love of men. I carried a long title then. With the wide Red River Valley for my parish, no less title than Right Reverend Red River Rover seemed sufficient for my friends. My pencil pleasantries, running on this sweet June Sabbath evening by an open fire-place and cheerful blaze, wants to contrast California sunshine with the blizzards. But there was a “bright side of life” at forty degrees below zero. The gospel kept a man’s heart as warm there as it was in Brother Windsor’s delightful pulpit at Campbell this morning, and I have too dear friends there yet to revile that heroic country. So the story of the venerable Lindley comes on. What hunter’s yarn I swapped with the grand old man which stirred his memory I know not, but his good one I have never forgotten. Perhaps you can dig it out of some ancient Pacific. I keep no file and sometimes wonder if I shall have to remember all my Pacific folly in the quickened recollection of Paradise. Brother Pond thinks I’ll have a hard time of it, if I do, I know. It comforted me, whom sober deacons used to jibe a little because I loved a gun, that Mr. Lindley said to me, he was “besotted with a rifle.” His long muzzle loader would drop a squirrel from the tallest tree-tops of North Carolina. When God’s call took him to Africa he carried his trusty rifle with him. Little did he think the plaything of his boyhood would serve his manhood’s mission as surely as David’s sling served his.

Before he had fully learned the language, and gained his hold of the natives, his village was terrorized by a man-eating tiger. As the cruel creature climbed the bluff overlooking the native huts, the frightened people came to their tall, white friend for help. Not in vain. The stripling hero seized his gun and went forth to battle for his flock. You and I would not want to go with a Winchester, but he went with a squirrel gun. Climbing slowly, to keep his breath and steadiness, he stood face to face with the eager monster, who lashed the grass with her tail as she prepared to spring. Glancing along the tried weapon as coolly as he would crease between a squirrel’s ears, he aimed for the creature’s eyes and fired. “I was very glad to see she could not move,” he said to me. The shouting people brought their dead enemy and their living champion into the village in triumph. The practical missionary’s influence was begun with vigor, and his five decades of faithful service initiated with the ringing crack of a good rifle.

I could not take the time of the Saratoga meeting for this story, because they were “improving the time” well. Old parsons do hold in sometimes, and at other times when things drag they come to the rescue. I do not mean that things drag here. If any dear Endeavor anywhere has gift for gun, a horse, a yacht, a violin, or speed with wheel or foot, let him not despise it. It may unexpectedly count for the conquering kingdom as surely as the tempting and besotting rifle of the North Carolina hunter. Has not Walter Camp’s foot ball given the devil some hard kicks? Joe Twichell’s Yale oar has been

useful. So was Thomas Hughes. Jesus calls men, not mummies.

Brave Fathers.

It was my privilege to preach the gospel of hope at Campbell yesterday, while the beloved Dr. Windsor took some restful breaths of salt air at Seabright. An attractive congregation he has and one accustomed to reverent listening. Let me add to the long enough sermon what I did not get to there. Fathers ought to be very much to their children what they want God to be to them. The father who asks God to implete him with courage for life's manifold duties ought to aim and purpose to refresh and enthuse the children whom God has given him. Bed and board and a common daily paper are not enough. The Pacific and Youth's Companion and Success are cheerful helps to enrich family life. Two dollars a year from each of ten Saratoga families are bringing to all of us, young and old in turn, ten cheering, inspiring magazines, full of pictures and points for our instruction and enlivening. A pessimistic journal, teaching that our country and God's world are going to the dogs, ought to be carried out into the street with a pair of tongs. A cheerful word in the stable wakes up the animals, but it does not answer for a fresh bed and abundance of barley. Boys want a brave father. Lyman Beecher, at Litchfield, gave his children something else than a strong body. He followed the physical heredity with heroic teaching. There was no whining at the scant salary and the pinching economy, but with hilarity and hope they tackled the tremendous chores of apple-drying and wood-chopping. The jollity of the "Bee" companionship entered into the family combine. There is call for this in the Santa Clara Valley homes. Many families owe it, as a duty, to take their children to the seashore. Doctor Windsor has set his flock a good example. So has our beloved Doctor Lowell of Saratoga. We shall miss him and his helpful family from church and from Christian Endeavor, but he has set us all a better example than if he had gone to Del Monte. We cannot afford that luxury; but it costs no more to camp than it does to stay at home, if hard-worked fathers would only believe it. Boys and girls will promise and perform if put to camp tasks who may shirk incessant grind at home. All cannot sleep under the redwoods, or play in the sand by the sea; but men can, if they will, put into boys' hearts some of the cheer they are everlastingly wishing God would put into theirs. Now, while you have given the last touch to the pulverized prune field, put a touch of parental tact on that restless boy: "Come along, Bub, harness the old mare; let's go to town." Let the boy buy a bit of the grocery bill. Introduce him to some genial postmaster, or the bank president, or the doctor, or some man who knows how to touch a boy where he lives, and about five times in a season, not fifty, treat him to a glass of soda. You can tell him then how much better clean soda is than vile whisky. It takes a little nerve when a nickel costs four pounds or so of prunes. But I'm thinking of the boy you want to keep on the ranch and who is making for the high school with an idea of getting educated away from the ranch. He'll wear old clothes bravely, buckle into the family pull, be a little man, and grow to be a hero if his father will set the example and cheer him on to follow it.

My old heart leaps for the children of Saratoga. While this slow old member of the Good Citizenship Committee is dreaming what his July 4th duties might be, the children of this twentieth century have enterprised a 4th for themselves—done it well, too, and written a letter to one of the greatest orators in the State, which I believe will stir his heart as it has mine. If I don't help them I

am a sinner and a stupid. Bless the children! Let's not growl at them, but cheer them as we want heaven to cheer us.

Still They Come.

The fellowship library books came—choice samples. Thank you, friends. I'll send the list some day to our Pacific. You are not through with us, are you? Take a little stock in Saratoga.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

Some time ago there came to us the story of a surgeon in charge of the fever hospital at Santiago, Cuba, who killed himself because he fancied his services were not appreciated by the government; and this was the good-bye that was found after his death—

Good-night, old world—good-by to all your joys,
Your sorrows, pleasures, passions, pomp and noise.
I leave you for the eternal silence of the stars,
The deafness of unbounded space, where bars
No longer hold the soul in durance vile;
Where naught can wound, and nothing can defile;
Where the pure spirit shall despise the things
The sense of earth hath loved.
Then, Charon, come! I signal thee tonight.
Come for me o'er the Styx—I've lost life's fight!"

Here was a weak man who pressed toward the mark of human appreciation, narrowing his outlook upon life down to that poor goal. He failed to find in life the greater things that God has given to the children of men richly to enjoy. "I've lost life's fight!" moaned the poor suicide.

In contrast, how the Apostle Paul's good-bye rings with triumphant tones. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Here was a strong man who, forgetting the things that were behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. He made up his mind that so much as possible of the blessing God has offered to human souls through his Son, Jesus Christ, he would have; and he lifted up his eyes, and he caught the vision of the Christ, and the troublesome things of the day dwindled to little things in presence of that vision; and when he came to advise others concerning the way to live he did not hold before them continually the malign, the evil, making his own life and that of everybody else miserable with nothing but the rottenness in human affairs in view; but he said to them: "My desire for you is that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

No man need "lose life's fight"; but if he would win, let him "keep the faith." The secret of Paul's victory was that he kept his life open toward life's best things; he gladly let Christ dwell in his heart; he lived to comfort and encourage and strengthen his brethren.

The evil that is in the world will never be overcome by weak moans and faithless, unloving complainings and fault-findings. It must be met by a force of men and women whose faces shine with the joy of the Lord; whose hearts are filled with the peace of God; whose eyes are lifted to behold the wider movements of God; whose feet are set toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Methods of the New Education Applied to the Sunday-school.

BY PRESIDENT J. E. RANKIN, HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

This is the new cry: "Give up the lesson papers, and adopt the public school methods." Let us see what there is in it. There must be something in it, or it would have been at once suppressed. Is the defect in Sunday-school teaching, of which complaint is made, in the economy of lesson papers or something else? Neither lesson papers, nor even the Bible itself, the most commanding book in the world, can remedy the defects which we must admit to be in existence. We have got rid of committing verses to memory; what have we instead? We have a Sunday-school that is fed on pabulum, which has no inspiration of the old type in it; as a rule, only the light talk of young teachers, the best that can be commanded, but, in all charity, very ill-prepared for their work. This is the beginning of our trouble.

The new education in the public schools aims to get rid of the text-book. But how is this to be done? The common school teacher not only must know the text-book, but he must know a hundred other things that illustrate the subject of the lesson. He is to be filled to the brim with the theme. He cannot open his mouth without talking of it from his own fullness. The first thing, then, to be aimed at is to provide such teachers in the Sunday-school. These teachers are at liberty to accept or decline. The most sensible ones decline. They humbly feel their unfitness for the place. Here, then, we have a disability that is central. If the pastor, the superintendent, the head man in the study and teaching of the Bible—if there is such a head man—will do what the Practice Teacher does in the public school; if he will spend time enough to fill himself with the subject of the next lesson, and then give the teachers an hour of weekly drill, as to methods, as to kindred matter and illustrative matter for them to digest and assimilate, he will do what is done in the public schools. If there is not this supplemental training, the absence of the text-book with the lesson committed to memory, as was the old fashion, is a fatal thing. Memorizing the Bible is not all; but it is something. The talk of teachers who have had no competent training, however much they may feel their need of it, is often nothing, or worse than nothing. If I were to estimate the amount of study the best teacher should give every lesson, I should say at least an hour every day in the week. I know a few choice teachers who give that amount of time to their preparation.

The personnel from which Sunday-school teachers must necessarily be taken is another serious disability in Sunday-school work. They are very young and very inexperienced, and sometimes very giddy folk. You cannot go to the college graduate, or the intelligent business man, and lay your hands on him and say, "This is your duty: take this class." The public school teacher is carefully sought for, faithfully examined, and if unfit, refused. Here we choose the best. In the Sunday-school the high moral character of most of the teachers may be taken for granted. This is what takes and keeps them. Woe is theirs if they are not there! They feel under a high sense of moral obligation to their Master to teach. But they are wholly independent as to the character and length of their service. They serve without authoritative superintendence, and on any day may resign. The same impotence of jurisdiction pertains to the personnel of the pupils. They come or not, as they please; they study their lessons or not as they please. They pay attention to the instruction given or not as they please. In

the public school they must keep up to their grade or be put back.

The public school depends upon two things to secure the success of the new method. First, the superior teacher, well furnished with matter, trained in the art of teaching, and holding with the interest of an enthusiast the attention of the pupil. This work for the teacher is done in the normal school. Secondly, the pupil thinking for himself, intensely interested in the subject and the teacher. If these two things can be secured with or without the text-book, success is certain. The Bible is the best text-book in the world. The law of association is one of the principal dependencies of the Great Teacher. He is never contented with a single utterance of a truth, or a single form of presenting it. Think of the number of analogies, through which he introduces his kingdom—not for variety's sake, but to catch the attention and fix the truth in the memory through the imagination. It is line upon line and precept upon precept. If one comparison does not arrest the attention, he plies the next. If only a single pathway is revealed to a truth, that truth often fails to attach itself to the memory. The ideal situation is this: The daily study of the next Sunday's lesson in the family, say at morning or evening meal, under the superintendence of one of the parents; one hour each week given to associated study on the part of the teachers, under the pastor or some other competent leader; with an application of the improved methods, which are often only the methods of the Great Teacher himself, to Sunday-school study. A Sunday-school teacher needs to be prepared to teach, just as the pastor is prepared to preach; not merely by having a theme, but by having studied it, as the pastor does. He needs in his pupils that kind of attention which is commanded and insured by the pastor, by the teacher in the public school. At present, he is the victim of his own immature age, his imperfect preparation and the indifference and heedlessness of the members of his class. Any theme, the most interesting in the Bible, without preparation, without reverent and respectful attention, must fail to interest both himself and his pupils; must make his work comparatively valueless.

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

Moral Courage.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

It is the quality that makes the man a hero. It is better than wealth, power, and grandeur, and more mighty than genius, more precious and rare than pearls. It is more rare than that valor which faces untremblingly the canon ball. Heroes of the battle-elds have done grand and glorious work. To many of them, at least, we are indebted for the progress of the ages. Cyrus and Caesar, Hannibal and Napoleon, Wellington and Washington, Sherman and Grant, as great warriors, will be known for many ages because of the victories they have won. But the relation of the victories to moral reform, where they exist, will carry their names down for endless ages. The greatest battles of the world have been fought on the field of moral reform. They have been fought single-handed, unaided by any outward display and the cheering tones of fine music. These heroes have been supported by moral courage, by firmness of principle, which enables a person to do what he deems to be his duty. Channing said: "The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God. The idea of right is the primary and highest revelation of God to the human mind." It is moral courage which enables a person to do right even if the heavens fall. Right is supreme to the man of moral courage. Cicero declared

that it took an age to produce one true poet. I sometimes think that the man of true moral courage is more rare than the true poet.

What is there more than anything else that leads the young man from the path of rectitude? It is lack of courage—not able to say "No." What is it that prevents people from growing in nobility and magnanimity? It is lack of firmness of principle, which enables them to do their duty. What is more than any other one thing at the root of all social and political corruption? Is it not lack of moral courage, making people selfish, slavish, and cowardly? Many people do that from which they naturally recoil because they fear the censure of others and the loss of public favor. Lack of moral courage makes people think they are compelled to choose the lesser evil and justify themselves in doing what they know to be wrong by saying, "I must live." A person better not live at all than live at the expense of his conscience. A man talking to Talleyrand excused his lack of conscientiousness by saying, "I must live, you know." The answer was, "I do not see that at all. There is no special reason why you should live, but there is a special why you should in conversation be sincere, and keep conscience as the noontide clear." He alone is a man who is true to his conscience. We need brilliant men, scholarly men, practical men, ingenious men, profound men. We need poets and philosophers, musicians and painters. But, above all, more than all else, we need men having the backbone of moral courage. Men that think more of integrity than polish; more of doing their duty than to please; governed by principle and not policy; men like Henry Clay, who can say, "I'd rather be right than be President." Such men have been, hitherto, the world's greatest benefactors. Such men have been the real salt of the earth, who have kept the world's moral atmosphere from putrefaction. Such men have been the prime movers in all moral reforms. Such men have been oiling the wheels of the great train of progress in all the ages of the world. Such men have sacrificed all for the good of others. To such men are we to look for the completion of the work that will make justice, peace and righteousness reign on all the earth. More such men are needed today in every walk of life. Men that have the courage of their convictions. Men that will not and cannot be bribed. Men that will not sell self-respect for earthly gain. Men that know and will do their duty, irrespective of the opinions of others and of consequences.

But men of moral courage have not been wanting in all ages and we reap the fruit of their labors and sacrifices. There are many in the world today and will be appreciated in the future more than at present. The martyrs of the early church were moral heroes. The great reformers of Holland, Germany and England, the Hussites, Huguenots and Puritans were heroes. Latimer, Cranmer, Rogers and Penry, who went to the stake rather than deny their masters, were heroes. Luther, the great reformer, who could not be frightened by all the papal powers, who had the courage to burn the Pope's bull of excommunication, who, when warned not to enter Worms, where he had been summoned by the Emperor, said, "To Worms was I called and to Worms I must go, and were there as many devils at tiles on the roofs, yea would I enter that city." Luther was a hero. The large-hearted Howard, who searched the lowest dens, that he might help in reforming prisons, was a hero. The great Wilberforce, who fought so bravely and tenaciously, almost alone, in the British Parliament for liberty to the slaves, was a hero. The brave and courageous Pilgrims, who would not violate their convictions, but left their homes on the shores of Lincolnshire, England, and faced the storms of the Atlantic, and endured

hardships untold while searching for a new country, where they could enjoy religious liberty, were men of tremendous moral courage. To such men and characters we are indebted for the world's moral progress, and through the efforts of such shall come to pass the universal reign of peace.

Wardner, Ida.

The Relation of Men to the Higher Life of Humanity.

BY J. NEWTON BROWN.

I. What This Relation Ought To Be.

The oldest of social and religious institutions is the family. Out of men alone, or out of women alone, you can make a club, but not a family. For true family life something more is needed than a common dwelling place and the gathering of father and mother and children three times a day around a common table. There must be a common life, to which each member of the household makes a contribution. Honey does not have the same fine flavor when made from a single variety of flowers which it has when made from several varieties. The sweetest, richest family life results from the loving fellowship of those who differ in many ways. Without the father's help the mother and children cannot make an ideal home. The father is the husband—the husband—giving strength and a manly quality to the life there. You cannot have an ideal home if the father spends his evenings somewhere else.

The church likewise is a body with many members and one life—a life which is enriched through the qualities contributed to it by members of every age and condition and temperament and stage of progress and variety of experience. Without the presence and work and fellowship of men the church loses certain qualities from its life, for which nothing can compensate. The life of a church, like the life of an individual, makes an impression upon the community which corresponds with its character. The church in which there is a fair proportion of active, earnest, spiritually-minded men will possess a kind of influence; it will have a grip on the community which another church of the same size, but lacking in men, could never secure.

Furthermore, in enterprises for the uplifting of fallen humanity, the tact and experience and judgment and moral support and co-operation of men and women are needed. Social reforms cannot make the headway they should without such co-operation. The influence which is fitted to make the strongest appeal to a community cannot come from the women alone.

In this united effort to promote the higher life of humanity man is the divinely appointed leader. The leadership of Adam was recognized when Eve was given to be "an helpmeet for him." In like manner Noah was recognized as the leader in his family. It was not to Noah's wife, but to Noah, that the Lord said, "Come, thou and all thy house into the ark." It was not to Sarah, but to Abraham, that the divine call came, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." Noah and Abraham officiated as priests at the family altar. According to the divine idea, the father and mother are always to work together in promoting the higher life of the family, the father as the leader in worship and instruction, and the mother at his side as the "helpmeet for him."

In the church, as in the home, the responsibility of leading was committed to men. Among those who followed Christ as disciples when he was upon the earth, it is certain that the men were not more faithful than the women. We do not read that any of the women de-

nied him. They were "last at the cross and first at the tomb." Yet, not one of those whom he appointed as leaders in the work of founding the Church was a woman. This does not imply that woman's work in the church, although it was to be somewhat different from man's, was to be less important than his, or that her place in the kingdom of God was to be less honorable than his. For he who came to be the Savior of the world, and who received "the name which is above every name," once girded himself with a towel and washed his disciples' feet, saying, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." No man can say that the dignity of leadership is any higher, in God's sight, than the dignity of service. Men and women are called to both, but the chief responsibility for leadership in the church is committed to men.

What is true of leadership in the home and in the church is likewise true of it in the community. When the Israelites were to be delivered from bondage in Egypt, the Lord might have left Moses in the wilderness tending Jethro's sheep, and he might have sent Moses' gifted sister, Miriam, to Pharaoh, with a petition to let her people go. But that was not the Lord's way. In the history of the chosen people women were sometimes called to leadership when the men were wanting, but this was not recognized as the normal order.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Lesson XII. June 23, 1901.

The New Heaven and the New Earth. (Rev. ii: 1-7, 22-27.)

Whatever God undertakes he completes. The end never falls upon an unfinished work. So it was that, in creation, he rested only after, as its crown, he had created man "in his own image." The work of redemption, too, begun in the promised victory of the woman's seed, was carried on through thousands of years by many and many a suffering servant. But it was only on the Cross that the Incarnate Word could proclaim, "It is finished!" And the consummation of salvation is reached only in that new heaven and new earth of which these closing revelations treat. The whole Bible is thus one connected story, one harmonious drama of redeemed humanity, steadily moving towards its predestined end. Genesis records its beginnings; Revelation its completion.

This "Book of Revelation" dramatically takes up the story where the "Book of the Acts of the Apostles" leaves it, and in a succession of impressive pictures sets before us the characteristic features of "the dispensation of the Spirit." These pictures are, in their general design, like the historic frescoes upon the walls of the rotunda in our Nation's capitol at Washington—suggestions of the varied experiences of the Kingdom of God, in its struggle with the great world powers. They open with a vision of the glorified Jesus in his present relations to his churches, followed by messages to seven of these, as representing all, in which the principles of his government are applied to their diverse conditions.

In a series of striking visions the characteristic features of the impending conflict are then set before these churches, essentially as Jesus had foretold before his death (Matt. xxiv, xxv). It is a "revelation of Jesus Christ," i.e., of his transforming energy, in "things which must shortly come to pass"; not only the events, but the secret springs of action. This is the significance of those

openings into heaven (iv: 1, xix: 11, etc) which are occasionally noted; giving assurance to suffering saints that they are not alone in their struggle with the powers of darkness, and encouragement that victory shall come at last to crown their patience.

Observing this, we can understand why this book has always possessed a peculiar charm for the church of Christ in times of persecution and distress. The people of God have turned for comfort here, as bondmen in the days of American slavery did to the story of Israel in Egypt.

Much of the book is difficult, some of it impossible, for a modern reader, fairly prosperous, to understand; for it was written by a Jewish Christian during times of pagan persecution, for the cheer of his suffering fellow-Christians. Moreover, much of the language and many of the figurative allusions were intentionally chosen with a view to render its contents unintelligible to all but those immediately addressed. In other words, it was a cryptogram, or cipher writing. John's course in this respect was precisely similar to that of Russian exiles in their correspondence. Those who would get at the truth must learn to read between the lines; or if not so, they must interpret the visions in the light of history.

This indefiniteness, however, pertains only to the precise events referred to, not to the underlying principles or the general result. All these are clear as sunlight, and sure as God himself. Whether, therefore, we know precisely what the writer or the readers of that time had in mind, we do know of situations to which these eternal principles are applicable, and in which these strong assurances supply sorely needed comfort.

Our last study was the revelation of Jesus Christ as the watchful Guardian in the midst of his churches. Our present is, the glorious issue of his conflict with the powers of evil; its blessed consummation. Two pictures set the enrapturing fact before us:

1. First picture (ii: 1), a new heaven and a new earth. I recall my entrance into California many years since. It was a winter month, and we had gone to sleep, the night before, amid the dreariness of the desert of Nevada. We awoke on the California slope of the great mountain range. And when I looked out, lo, the almond and the peach blossoms greeted us, and the balmy air of the foothills was redolent with life. We seemed to have come into a new world. So, I can imagine, the apocalyptic seer as turning from those visions of conflict, which had been passing before his eyes, to this scene of peaceful beauty. All those evidences of discord, inseparable from the world as he had known it, were conspicuously absent here. The sea, not, as to us, the highway of commerce, but rather the symbol of barriers to human sympathy and intercourse, no longer seemed to roll between (ii: 1). Instead of this, his gaze took in a world in which nature and man, and man and man, and man and God, were all in loving accord. Then, while the fascinating scene is before him, a voice descends from the throne (xxi: 3), as in explanation, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." The misery of the old order was that men were practically "orphans; without God in the world (Eph. ii: 12). Every ill which afflicted humanity was traceable to this source. And the glory of the new heaven and the new earth was—God. These happy souls were living in constant remembrance of him as their Heavenly Father and Friend; constantly conscious of his presence; constantly looking to him for guidance, protec-

tion and companionship; and constantly realizing the comfort of his Holy Spirit. So it came about that every tear, from whatever cause, was gently wiped away from every eye by the Father's hand; that even death itself showed no longer as the king of terrors, but only as God's messenger, calling his beloved children home; therefore, no more unrelieved sadness, no bitter crying, no unrelieved pain. As to this, the former things had passed away, replaced by the joy of a completed salvation.

How congruous, too, it all was, with the character of this happy people's blessed Lord, that he should have bidden his servant to write out these glorious truths (xxi: 5); that he should have confirmed them by the reminder that in him who does this all creative forces are centered (xxi: 6); that he should follow it up by a repeated promise to "every one that is athirst" and who will "come to the fountain of the water of life"! It is just like him! And so the picture passes, with a renewed assurance to persecuted and struggling saints; to whoever, in this conflict, shall persevere and overcome. All these good things shall be his inheritance; for is he not God's dear son? (xxi: 7.) Only the persistently disobedient and immoral, he takes pains to reiterate, shall be relegated to the lake of fire, and this only because it is their "own place" (xxi: 8 cf. xx: 19, 20).

* * *

2. Second picture (xxi: 1—xxii: 5). Another scene unrolls before the seer's eyes. That which has preceded takes the thought back to the garden of the long-lost Eden (Gen. ii: 8-10), and calls up images of quiet, pastoral life. This which follows, pictures a highly developed social state: not a country scene, but a vast metropolis, with all the varied activities which this suggests.

A city, resplendent with beauty, reflecting the ineffable glory of God himself, is seen descending out of heaven. With a Hebrew's quick intuition the prophet exclaims, "Jerusalem!" Yes, his "holy city" indeed, but now no longer under Roman domination, and filled with evil. This is that of which David had sung (Ps. 122). Isaiah, too (Is. ii: 2-14), and all his fellow servants, had predicted something like this for the latter days. But all their most ecstatic imaginings paled before the disclosures of Patmos. St. John's first impression is of its radiant beauty, flashing back like a diamond the light of that cloudless day (xxi: 11); then its size, its perfect proportions and its absolute security from hostile attack; next, its gates, worthy in their beauty (xxi: 21) of their setting in that wall of jasper; there are three of these, he notes, on each of the four sides—ample provision, thus, for all the nations of the earth to freely pass to and fro. Over each portal, again, he notices, is the name of one of God's covenant people (xxi: 12)—a suggestion, this, that the whole city and all its inmates enjoy the special protection of Jehovah. By the side of each gate stands one guardian angel. No such warning as, "Gates closed after sundown," were there; those gates are always open—never closed by day, for no fear of enemies disturbs its blessed citizenship; nor by night—for them, indeed, there is no night. Underneath that resplendent wall in heaven, its immovable foundation, lie twelve courses of earth's most precious stones (xxi: 19, 20), and upon each of these, the name of an apostle of the Lamb (xxi: 14), significant of "The Church's one foundation"—its beauty and its unity in Jesus Christ the Lord.

Within those pearly gates the same magnificence might be seen. Its very roadway shone in the lustrous beauty of polished gold and transparent crystal (xxi: 21). Yet, one thing strange the seer notes: the new Jerusalem

is without a temple! Yes, and another feature, at first unaccountable, is forced upon the attention—its softly dazzling light springs not from sun nor moon. But quickly the explanation appears—an added glory. The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are there. They are the reality, which the temple only symbolized; they are the uncreated fountain and origin of light. What need its happy citizens the symbol when the glorious Sun of Righteousness beams full upon the scene? In his light they see a light brighter and more animating than any which springs from an earthly source.

Through those hospitable gates the seer beholds the throngs of God's redeemed joyously pressing. And this he notes, that they are not coming empty-handed, nor as if for transient sojourn. They are coming to stay. It is to be their home, and they are bringing all their wealth and all their honors with them. The great "captains of industry" come thither laden with whatever of material possessions, of knowledge or of virtue they have gathered. All the best results of their earthly discipline they joyously bring, to be still further augmented and used under the favoring conditions of this new heaven and new earth. There is but one class of men or of property which is barred out: "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." And so that blessed life moves on. To and fro along its street, which love makes golden, the happy people pass in a business which is mutual enrichment, and in intercourse which is sweetest fellowship. Here is activity without fatigue, service without painful toil, "for there shall be no curse any more" (cf. Gen. iii: 17-20). The throne of the Lamb is therein, and his servants do him service; and they see his face; and his name is on their foreheads." Through it all there flows the life-giving water whose fountain is the heart of the Eternal, and he who is the Light and Life of all worlds makes an atmosphere of beauty and of joy, Himself, at once, the inspiring source of life, and the end to which all at last returns.

* * *

What is this scene of transcendent glory? Is it an earthly or an heavenly picture? Both. It is earth redeemed and made over into heaven. It is human society as it will appear after its Redeemer has done for it all that is in his heart. The whole glowing portraiture is neither more nor less than the ideal, toward which now for ages the loving purposes of God have been working for realization. It is the transfiguration of prosaic human life—its business, its pleasures, its individual experiences, its social intercourse, its civic and political, as well as its distinctively religious, activities—all these touched and glorified by the conscious presence and co-operation of the Heavenly Father.

That is how this world looks now to the eye of its Redeemer, and that is how it shall yet be seen by "all those whose love his appearing." It is to this end that all the machinery of the Christian Church is directed, the consummation in every conquest of goodness over evil, whether this be within the individual heart or on the broader field of society—

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

How Temperance Would Help Transform the Earth (Rev. xx i: 1-7.)

Topic for June 23d.

(A Temperance Meeting.)

Many people do not care for the new earth; what they seek is plenty of the old. They are not here to transform the world in the interest of other people; what they desire is to trans-locate as much of the world as possible so that it will be within their reach. Acquisition for personal use, without much reference to the next man, has been the bane of all efforts to make the earth new in its laws and institutions. So the earth will become new just about as rapidly as we have new men. It is not very wise or very encouraging to take men of the old stamp and attempt to set them at work making the world over. Now and then we can scare a legislature or a congress by a petition signed by a thousand or two voters into passing laws with which the members have little personal sympathy. But this does not transform the world much. Somehow the earth awaits the new man. The new earth means a new humanity.

* * *

It might be well to reverse this topic and read it in this way: How a new earth would transform temperance. Beyond question it is helpful to pluck the burrs and seeds from pestiferous weeds, if one cannot do more. If this were not done we might be overwhelmed by the increase and driven from our premises. But it is far better to destroy them at the root. It is not reasonable to refuse to have any thing to do with temperance efforts, because the methods are not all we might desire. There are thousands who delay the arrival of the good day of sobriety and total abstinence because their special theory of suppression is not followed. But the real and final way to bring temperance over the earth is to work at the root of things. We need a more stalwart presentation of the Christian life. It ought to be more comprehensive of every plan and experience.

* * *

The fact about this matter is that there is too much of the rubbish of selfishness obstructing the free flow of purified and devoted life through all the fields of our experience. We need to knock away these barriers and receive a better irrigation. Then we shall see all of the soil of character springing up into beauty, and the earth becoming a garden-spot of delight and fruitfulness. The truth is that fully two-thirds of the Christian people are really accomplishing very little in aggressive temperance work. They are praying; they are keeping respectable; they are supporting religious institutions; they are observing the usual and accredited forms of religious life. But they are like a wheel with several sections of the felly wanting; it is neither safe nor comfortable.

* * *

We have a great deal to say at this age about the "demand of the times." As the times are about what we make then, this phrase does not mean much more than that people are waking up to certain neglected facts which we might have noticed long ago if we had been more awake, or more responsive if awake. It is a very convenient way of covering up past stupidity by talking about "the demand of the times." The demand has always been, is now, and ever will be, for all-round Christians. The need in making a new earth is that

Christian men and women will be precisely the same in the office and the home and the social function and the business transaction that they are when at the prayer-meeting, on their knees or standing before God in some providential event which has broken in upon their carelessness, and, for the time, at least, has made them more thoughtful and devoted.

* * *

That is what the temperance cause is waiting for. As fast as we can become such Christians, with an unbroken rim around the hub of our profession, and can induce others to round out in the same manner, the earth will be transformed, and the center of temperance will be one of the spots where the new earth will show itself. It is a weakness in our plans that, by some means, the impression has obtained that effort in the line of temperance is a work of superfluity, and not a common, constant part of what every follower of the Lord Jesus may be glad to do, as much as to feed the poor, suppress vice and sing praises. The grace we ought to seek is that which will keep us strong and at work in every opportunity and requirement of this world.

The chief question for us to ask is not so much how temperance would transform the earth, as to inquire how we can do more to transform the earth by work in this field. We want the absorbing conviction that this is our occupation in this world. We are here for that one business. Christians are here to make a new earth. We have little right to dabble in anything else. The earth is to be new commercially, new socially, new in its domestic affairs and in its political and religious conditions. It requires all there is in a man, mentally, physically or spiritually, to live a Christian life well rounded out and fulfilling all that meets that exalted and divine expectation. Live by all that there is of you to make the earth new, and temperance and every other interest will do their transforming work. We shall then truly be his people.

The Pastor.

Phillips Brooks, in his eulogy of Rev. Dr. Vinton of Boston, who died in 1881, describes him as an ideal pastor, in these words:

"I stop a moment and think of that great pastorship, of all it meant to countless souls; and to have lived in it and carried it on as he did seems to me an indescribable, an inestimable privilege."

"A great pastorship is the noblest picture of human influence and of the relationship of man to man which the world has to show.

"It is the canonization of friendship.

"It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, above all thought of policy or convenience, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the Children of God.

"The pastor is father and brother both, to those whose deepest lives he helps in deepest ways.

"His belonging to his people is like the broad spreading of the sky over the lives of men and women and little children, of good and bad, of weak and strong, on all of whom alike it sheds its rain and dew."

Such ideal of his pastoral work should be an inspiration to every minister, especially to those in hard fields, where they can preach to but small congregations and seem to themselves very limited in their influence.

Their opportunity for pastoral influence may be the thing that should reconcile them to their field, and make them enthusiastic in it.

S. H. W.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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The First Christmas Tree.

The first Christmas tree in a heathen land! Can you imagine it all—the wonder, the curiosity, the incredulity, the newness, the entire difference of this fete to anything else that had ever happened to these dark-hued children of nature in a far-off land?

They were going to celebrate Christmas "like white people." For weeks beforehand preparations were being made in the station school, as well as in the schools for kraal children; for those who were diligent with their books and careful with their sewing were to be allowed the great privilege of assembling in the chapel on the station and each one would receive some kind of a present. And who could tell what other unknown delights might come to them? So the reading was labored over and fingers that were more accustomed to handling hoes than needles patiently grasped those queer, smooth, steel implements and did their best to produce something that might be worn on the auspicious day.

At the mission house, too, much excitement prevailed among the white children there. For the good missionary and his wife had been brought up more or less strictly in Puritan ways, and so Christmas had never been celebrated on that station. But the coming of younger missionaries had wrought a change, and under their leadership preparations went on with a vigor which the extreme warm weather could not daunt. In that land the seasons were directly opposite to those here and the hottest weather came in December and January. No pine trees grew there, but a tree with wide-spreading branches was chosen, the thickest part of the foliage trimmed out and set up on the platform in the chapel. There were no sparkling tinsel ornaments, but a piece of bright red cloth was draped among the green leaves, and when the tin rattles and whistles, the gaily-dressed dolls and the knives were hung on, the tree presented a sight which, to the unsophisticated eyes it was intended for, was fair indeed.

The children in the kraals were accustomed to walk when they had occasion to go to the station, but as an especial treat some large wagons, each drawn by ten or twelve oxen, were sent after them, and the children rode, for the first time in their lives. On their arrival they were formed into a procession, headed by the station children in their light calicoes and marched into the chapel. Exclamations of wonder and admiration burst from their lips as they gazed on the pretty things which had been sent from America for them. Then they were hushed to listen to the missionary, who told them the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," and explained to them how, through the power of that love, the hearts of the people in America had been moved to send them those things on the tree, to give them pleasure. At the close of the little speech he called on all who had whistles to blow them; the babies shook their

rattles, and for a moment there was plenty of noise. Then the children sang some songs they had learned, after which cookies and oranges were passed around, and the highly delighted crowd dispersed to their homes.

In the evening the young men of the evening school came together in the chapel and received some gifts from the same good American friends; books, desks, articles of clothing, etc. After the distribution of gifts pictures from a magic lantern were shown, to the astonishment and delight of the audience. Many of the views were scriptural, and the boys were immensely pleased to see pictures of the high priests and of the Jews, about whom they had learned something in Sunday-school. Frequently, one would hear the remark, "Wonderful are the white people; death alone conquers them."

The evening closed with the singing of an anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," the words of which had been translated and set to the American music. Wonderfully sweet did that anthem sound, sung by the young men and women, who carried the four parts and sang with their fine voices right from the heart. And then they, too, went home, with many new ideas in their heads and grateful thoughts in their hearts.

Story of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London (in the forties) who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendon today pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,'" writes Clifford Howard in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "It was written in 1840, and had subsequently been set to music by Eliza Flower, and included in a collection of hymns written and composed by the two sisters. Only within that year had their book of 'Hymns and Anthems' been published, and the hymn that was destined to inspire the world had then been heard but once or twice, and within the walls of a single church—South Palace Chapel, London.

"It was not, however, until after the year 1860, when the present well-known tune was composed for it by Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, that the hymn attained its widespread popularity. Up to that time it had attracted but little notice. Through the spirit of Dr. Mason's sympathetic music it was quickened into glorious life, and brought within the reach of every congregation and every Christian soul. But this was long after the author of the hymn had passed away. She died in 1848, without knowing of the triumph and glory that awaited her work. Her grave in the little village of her birth is unmarked by any monument to her fame."—Christian Guardsman.

Heaven's Light.

Through the blue ethereal o'er us
Gleams the rays of purest light;
So the words of God before us
Shine through gloom or darkest night,

Dissolving doubt and grim despair;
Tell of help through holy love,
Leading up through heavenly air
To the joy-lit life above.

Gladsome is the journey upward,
By the light, so pure, divine;
Words and actions pressing onward
To eternal joy benign.

—James Dick in Religious Telescope.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Richmond.—One person was received Sunday on confession of faith.

Alameda.—The West End Sunday-school last Sunday observed its third annual Children's Day service—the best in all respects it has yet had, and more than trebling either of its previous collections for the S. S. & P. Society.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—The Rev. Dr. Cherington is in attendance at the Christian Endeavor convention at Santa Ana. The pulpit will be occupied the 16th by Rev. E. E. P. Abbott of Chula Vista, and on the 23d by Rev. M. A. Dougherty.

Green Valley.—The church held a "Hundred Dollar Social" on Friday evening, June 7th. The second hundred dollars due the Building Society on its loan is about due. The church decided to raise the money at a social gathering at which all the community should be gathered; so, in this land of cherries and berries just now ripe, they gathered, and a hundred people each gave a dollar, and the second hundred dollars on the five hundred loan is raised. The pastorate of Rev. W. E. Eckles is starting very auspiciously.

Oakland, Market Street.—This church rejoices in the return of Rev. J. H. Goodell to its pastorate. His services began on Sunday last most auspiciously. The audiences were large, but not only so. Old faces were numerous in the congregation; many new ones, too, as well as those always to be counted on. More than this was the gladness observable everywhere and the general atmosphere of hope which pervaded the services. Surely, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Goodell could doubt the interest felt in their return or the heartiness of their welcome. Six years ago Mr. Goodell's former pastorate had closed at the Sacramental table; and in the same tender association the new one has begun. It was signalized, also, by the reception of two to membership in the church. The sermon, too, from the text, "My sufficiency is of God," was at once characteristic of the pastor and hopeful for the future. The Children's Day service in the evening was a fitting conclusion to a delightful day.

Notes and Personals.

An Oregon pastor writes: "We greatly enjoy The Pacific."

Rev. W. M. Burkett, pastor at Ferndale, is spending a few days in San Francisco and vicinity.

A beautiful eighteen-foot flag has been presented to the church at Santa Cruz, to be used only in the service of the church.

The Rev. John Phillips, pastor of Pierce Street church, San Francisco, who was seriously ill last week, is convalescent.

The Market Street church of Oakland will give a reception to Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Goodell on Thursday evening of this week.

Rev. J. B. Orr goes to Cherokee next week to inaugurate a series of meetings in the church there, of which the Rev. J. A. Benton is pastor.

The Rev. Clarence Gale, pastor of the Second church of Spokane, Washington, will spend his vacation in San

Francisco and vicinity, and will occupy the pulpit of the First church of Alameda for two Sundays, the latter part of June and the first of July.

Rev. L. M. Walters, pastor of the Congregational church at Fresno, has been elected editor of The California Sunday-school Register. The issue for June, the first under Mr. Walters' direction, contains a full and interesting report of the recent State convention at Sacramento.

The address on Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, on the subject of "Pastoral Visitation," given by Professor W. H. Landon of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, was one of high value. Next Monday, J. S. Wilson of Chicago will give an address.

The Pasadena Star of May the 27th says, concerning the Lake Avenue Congregational church: "There was a pleasant surprise yesterday morning as the congregation entered the church. A beautiful upright piano stood in place of the organ. The generous giver had quietly placed it there unknown to any one, and although his name has not been revealed, yet the gift is attributed to the same source as that of many of the other gifts."

The Lodi Herald gives account of a very pleasant farewell reception tendered recently to Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Patterson, and says in that connection: "Mr. Patterson has won the hearts of the people by his strength of character, fearlessness of purpose and Christian spirit. The churches and citizens of Lodi unite in wishing him God-speed in their new field of labor." The church at Lodi has adopted resolutions expressing its regret at the severance of the pastoral relations and of appreciation of his faithfulness in ministering to them.

The twenty-eighth anniversary of the Rev. Josiah Sims, as pastor of the Congregational church at Nevada City, was celebrated Sunday, June 2d. The Transcript says: "In the morning he preached on the words found in St. Paul's second epistle to the Thessalonians, third chapter, second verse: 'Pray for us.' It was a practical and masterly effort, and will not soon be forgotten. In the evening the church could not contain the crowd that came to attest their friendship for the man who for such an extended period had been an important factor both as a minister and as a citizen."

Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the president of the Chinese Imperial University, and author of "Cycle of Cathay," "Siege in Peking," etc., who arrived here last fall after being shut up in the British Legation during the siege, has returned to Peking to resume his duties. The manuscript of his work entitled "The Lore of Cathay" is now in the hands of his publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, to be issued in the early fall. It will be his masterpiece, a result of over sixty years of close observance and study. The arts and sciences, literature, philosophy and religion, education and history, form a basis for what is predicted will be the most remarkable work of its kind ever published. Certain it is that no man besides Dr. Martin has ever been in a position to write so authoritatively on this subject.

Council at Cotati.

Several years since, when Rev. W. H. Cooke was Sunday-school Missionary, our Sunday-school Society established a Sunday-school at Cotati, a little village on the line of the California Northwestern railroad. About two years since, the Rev. C. C. Kirtland, the pastor of

the Sebastopol Congregational church, began to hold preaching services here fortnightly. The continued sowing and cultivating produced fruitage in a new church, recognized by council on Tuesday, June 4th. It appeared, upon examination by the council, that this community consisted of some three hundred persons and had no church services aside from those already mentioned. The nearest church is four miles distant, and almost no one attends. Fifteen persons desired to unite together to form a Congregational church. The council, consisting of the five nearest Congregational churches, voted unanimously to recognize the church as a branch of the Sebastopol.

The formation of this church is a case well illustrating the harmonious and successful working of our church polity on this Coast. The Sunday-school Society planted, the Home Missionary Society, through a local church, fostered; the fruition, a new church, strengthening those which already exist.

This work also illustrates the growing value of our Pacific Theological Seminary to the State and the Coast. This new church sprang from a Sunday-school organized by a minister educated at our Seminary. Its only pastor, who also was the instrument of its formation, is a graduate of the same seminary. The pastor of every church invited to sit in council is also a graduate of the seminary. In fact, the pastors of eight out of the ten churches in the Sonoma Association are graduates of the Seminary. The fruition of the labor of the fathers is more and more manifest.

Nome.

The new Congregational church building at Nome, Alaska, was opened for service March the 17th. The Gold Digger, a local paper, says: "At both the morning and evening services the large seating capacity of the building was taxed.

"Every one connected with the church was surprised as well as delighted at its unusually good acoustic properties. When crowded a tone scarcely above a whisper can be heard from one end of the building to the other.

"Rev. Mr. Davies, the pastor, and his assistants, have accomplished wonders in putting up so fine a building in so short a time, with the funds at their command. The dedication will take place the Sunday after Easter and it is expected that by that time the church will be entirely free from debt. This satisfactory state of things is largely due to the volunteer labor which has been given very freely, and which has saved many hundreds of dollars. On Friday forty-three men were at work and with one or two exceptions they were all volunteers. On several occasions men going past on the street have stopped and said, 'I'll work,' and have fallen into line for a hard day's labor.

"People have also been very generous in subscribing money, and in some cases have volunteered to assist financially without being solicited to do so.

"The services on Sunday were much as usual, except that special musical features were introduced. In the evening Mr. Davies preached the first of a series of sermons to young people. He chose as his text, 'The glory of young men is their strength,' from Proverbs, and 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong,' from the first epistle general of St. John. In the course of an eloquent address he strove to demonstrate to young and old alike that much as physical and intellectual strength are to be desired, moral strength far transcends them both."

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

The quarterly meeting will be held at Mill Valley, Thursday, June 20th, at eleven o'clock a. m.

Reports will be given by Associational secretaries. Miss McClees of Oakland will read a paper on "The American Highlanders." Mrs. E. J. Singer will speak on "What We Have Done—What Have We Still to Do?"

Luncheon will be served by the ladies of the church, at fifteen cents. Take Sausalito ferry at San Francisco, 9:30 a. m.

Laura T. Perkins, Secretary.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The church at Clackamas, despite its being without regular pastoral services so long, is holding on nobly, and the work in a general way is quite encouraging. The Y. P. S. C. E. holds regular meetings. Rev. D. B. Gray preached there on the 19th inst. to a good audience.

At Oswego on the first Sunday in May two members were received by letter, and the communion was observed. The meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. are a marked feature of the work at this point, and are always well attended. They are held on Friday evening of each week. Mr. Gray holds services once a month.

At Willsburg, the name of Mr. Rockwood, who practically founded the church, is held in loving remembrance. Being dead he yet speaketh through the memory of the loving ministries he performed while living in that vicinity among his scattered parishioners. Services are held here once a month by Mr. Gray. The outlook in all his fields he considers more encouraging and hopeful than it has been for a number of years.

The new church at Butteville is approaching completion, and Mr. and Mrs. Barber are rejoicing greatly thereat. A rich farming community surrounds this place, and with a church home it is reasonable to suppose that it will be a rallying point for a strong and growing Christian influence.

Supt. Clapp returned from the annual meeting of the C. H. M. S. last Friday. His rotund face was wreathed with smiles over the fact that he had been safely returned to the land of his adoption and supervision. He will put on the harness at once and the benefit of his Eastern visit, with the reminiscences of Puddefoot, Dr. Hillis, and scores of other notable names belonging to persons of common clay like the rest of us, will soon be poured out upon gladly listening ears.

The necessity for an assistant pastor in the Forest Grove church was supplied a few weeks ago, and the occasioned was emphasized by the church giving an entertainment wherein the most conspicuous feature was the "Cradle Songs of All Nations." The young gentleman attracts a good deal of attention, and has relegated his senior to the background, at least temporarily. He has a lusty voice and can fill the church, if given a chance.

Now is the time for roses and strawberries, and Eastern visitors grow wild over them and barren of words to describe their beauty and abundance. Besides, there is now and then a shower thrown in, which is no detriment, as may be well believed in view of the abundant promise of prolific crops of all kinds.

The coming is Pioneer week, during which the gray-haired home-builders will assemble on the fifty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the "Oregon Question," which had then been pending for a generation, and recount the experiences, pathetic and amusing as well, which they underwent in reaching the then "far west," out of which has grown four great States and parts of two

others. But the forms are bowed, the steps less elastic and the eyes less bright than of yore, and in another decade but few will be left to tell the marvelous story, which is at once the first and last of its kind in the world's history, and which, as it recedes in the distance, will afford themes for a distinctive literature that we now scarcely dream of, the threshold of which has hardly been touched.

The sermon on "The Blessings of the Sanctuary," by Mr. Ackerman, from Ps. lxxxiv: 2—"My soul longeth, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out after the living God"—was a strong presentation of the value and personal benefit of habitual attendance at the church services, and of the elements of the growth of character contained in the cultivation of a worshipful spirit. Emphasis was laid upon the tendency, now so strong, of cutting loose from those things which tend to our best spiritual growth. Mr. Ackerman's discourses have something invariably which, if followed, gives a spiritual uplift and increases the desire for Bible study, and hence stimulates the growth of strong character.

Portland, June 9th.

The Greater Salvation.

BY "OAKLAND."

The form of religion that is beginning to appeal to the world—and will continue to appeal even more strongly in the future—is that which insists upon keeping the moral life unperverted instead of allowing its regeneration to become a painful necessity.

Already we are outgrowing that soft and easy sentiment, only too prevalent in the past, of looking indulgently upon the errors of the young with the careless remark, "Oh, they must sow their wild oats some time"; and with the lightly expressed conviction that they will "come out all right in the end."

What a foolish, wicked argument! How could any one ever have been so blind? They will *not* "come out all right in the end," for the scars remain forever! There ought never to be any wild oats.

Oh, the children, the children! What would we not all give to be able to keep them free from the pollution of sin? What would we not give to be able to keep them from ever experiencing the life-long misery that recently forced these words from the lips of one nearing the shores of Eternity? "I would give all, all I possess, to be a child again, whispering 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' with my hand clasped close in the Father's hand, and with no dark cloud falling between us, that need make it necessary for me to cry out to him through blinding tears, that other and later prayer, 'Father, forgive me; I am no more worthy to be called thy child!' O years that can never come back again! O memories that will not sleep, even though today the touch of his hand is strong again upon my own, and his presence is a near and a dear reality to me!"

Ah, no! it may be true, as the Bible says, that the sins and iniquities of the transgressors shall be remembered no more by their pitying Heavenly Father, but it is not true that, even when forgiven, they are remembered no more by the transgressors themselves.

There is something very beautiful and very tender in the stories of the Prodigal Son, and of the sinful woman who bathed Jesus' feet with her tears; but there is something far more beautiful and noble in the thought of those pure lives that keep close to the Father's side, nor wander into a far country, only to squander in riotous living their greater usefulness as his children, and fill the years with "memories that will not sleep."

Oh, mothers, pastors, teachers! whatever you say, whatever you do, teach those precious ones under your care that true salvation consists, not in being saved from a future retribution, or in simply being forgiven after sin has trailed its blackness across their lives, but in keeping those lives "unspotted from the world," and their hearts free from all unholy thoughts. Teach them never to drift out from their Father's care until "the night is dark, and they are far from home"; for the day will come—it may be long delayed, but it will come—when the sleeping soul shall awaken, and not all the bitter tears, the heartache, the pitiful regrets, nor even all the noble deeds of after years can blot out the remembrance of their sin against themselves, and against their God.

Book Notices.

"An Highway There," by William C. Scofield. Revell Co. Pp. 418. \$1.25. An earnest effort, with good success, to so set forth the great truths involved in the Christian life as to instruct and win the reader to decision. It can be heartily commended as such an endeavor.

"In the Time of Paul." By Rev. E. G. Selden, D.D. A graphic picture of life in the Gentile world in the time of the Apostle Paul, showing how Christianity entered into and modified the life of the Roman empire. There are chapters on "Paul and His Times"; "The Task Assumed by Christianity"; "The Political Structure of the Roman World"; "The Social Life of the First Century"; "The Religious Conditions of the Age"; "The Moral Standards of the Period"; "The Intellectual Tendencies," and "The Inevitable Conflict and Victory." [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; 75 cents.]

"The Sunday Book," by Elizabeth Bainbridge Boies. Parents are more puzzled about the proper use of Sunday afternoon than about any other minor problem in the training of children. Any sensible help to the solution of the difficulty is always welcome. Such a help is found in this attractive and inexpensive little book, full of Bible puzzles, spaces for drawing pictures, hints about story-writing, and a dozen other lines of amusement appropriate to the day. Its welcome is certain to be deep and hearty wherever it goes. (Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago. Pp. 63; 25 cents.)

"The Holman Vest Pocket Self-Pronouncing Bible Dictionary." In this wonderful little volume all the words are syllabified and accented; all the different sounds are indicated by means of diacritical marks; all the Hebrew, Greek and other equivalents are given in English. The definitions are concise and the references exhaustive. It is handy, compact and small-sized, yet it is printed from a clear, heavy-faced type and contains 5,000 subjects, more than are given in the bulky three and four volume editions. The bindings are absolutely flexible. It contains 339 pages, but will slip easily into the vest pocket. Prices vary from 36 cents to \$1.00, according to binding. [A. J. Holman & Co., 1222 Arch St., Philadelphia.]

"Pandita Ramabai," by Helen S. Dyer. In this book of 170 pages, with 28 illustrations, is told in an interesting manner the story of the life of this woman, who, under God, is proving so great a blessing to India. An emancipated member of a class of women held in the bondage of idolatry and superstition for ages, Ramabai, having found light and life for herself, now seeks to lead others to the fountain of life. Hers is a life of self-sacrifice, and it is counting, as every such life must count, in uplifting many of her people. This volume will be

found a good one for the missionary library. It is published by the F. H. Revell Co., of Chicago, and may be had at the M. E. Book Concern Rooms, at 1037 Market street, or the Cary Book Store, at 16 Grant avenue, San Francisco, for \$1.

"The Trend of the Centuries," by Rev. A. W. Archibald, D.D. It is stated in the preface that the purpose of the book is to set forth Bunsen's great idea of "God in History." To that end the author, who is pastor of the Porter Congregational church of Brockton, N. Y., has sent forth a volume of great interest and value. No one can read it and fail to see the hand of God in the history of the world. It is one of the most suggestive and inspiring books of the year. As we read it we are made to realize afresh that nothing can stay the oceanic tide of a steadily progressing Christianity; that, as the author says, "God surely is in history, working out his purpose." After a general survey of the evidences of divine providence and a tracing of the stream of Messianic prophecy, there are eighteen chapters on remarkable epochs in the world's history, in which graphic pen pictures show the trend toward "one far-off divine event." (Pilgrim Press. Boston and Chicago. Pp. 419. \$1.25.)

The Home.

One Thought.

Though time may dig the grave of creeds,
And dogmas wither in the sod,
My soul will keep the thought it needs—
Its swerveless faith in God.

No matter how the world began,
Nor where the march of science goes,
My trust in something more than man
Shall help me bear life's woes.

Let progress take the props away,
And moldering superstitions fall;
Still God retains His regal sway—
The Maker of the All.

Why cavil over that or this?
One thought is vast enough for me—
The great Creator was and is,
And evermore will be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Saturday in Holland.

Saturday in Holland is devoted exclusively to house-cleaning, within and without. Early in the morning every stick of furniture is carefully rubbed and wiped, and taken out of the house. Then the women, with their skirts tucked up, entirely flood the rooms with bucket after bucket of water, brought up from the canal by means of the shoulder-yoke. With broom and brush they souse and scrub the red-tiled floor, and finally pull up a plug in one corner to let the water flow out—let us hope into the canal.

While the floor is drying, a great polishing goes on in the street. Quaint old brass lamps and candlesticks, tobacco-boxes and ash-trays, huge milk-cans—all are burnished until, like golden mirrors, they reflect the faces bent over them.

The lacquer-man is busy on Saturday. He goes from house to house painting the bread-trays and honey-cake boxes with designs of gaudy birds and wondrous leaves and flowers.

The street is in a turmoil until noon, when order is partially restored and the scanty midday meal partaken of. In the afternoon washing is resumed. The exteriors of the cottages are scrubbed from roof to pave-

ment, and every trace of mold removed, for in this low, wet air the green moss gathers quickly. Then the brick pavements are drenched and carefully dried, and I have even seen the women slip off their sabots, and tiptoe to their doorways in their woolen chaussons, so as not to soil the immaculate sidewalk.

Lastly, toward evening, the entire village goes to the canal, and all the sabots are washed and whitened with pumice-stone, spotless for the morrow. On Saturday evening all the pickets of the low black fences are decorated with rows of dripping footgear, carefully graduated in size from the big wooden shoes of the father down to the tiny sabots of the youngest born.—Scribner's.

How the Farmer Did It.

The pump is dry and rickety. There is plenty of water away down, but the suction is not sufficient to raise it. No wonder the old farmer looks serious. In many a neighborhood there is money for God's cause—for a new church—but the trouble is to get to it. It's away down at the very bottom of the deepest pocket. The problem is, How are we to get it started upward and outward? We need it, and must have it. But alas! it remains in its dark, cavernous hiding-place.

The old farmer is seized with a happy thought. The pump needs priming. That's all. A little water poured down it, he reasons, will tighten the valve and give it a grip on the clear, pure supply of the liquid so abundantly stored away far down in the earth. So, up it comes! See how the sturdy old toiler smiles as the beautiful stream pours forth! The quart of water used for priming has done wonders.

So, in many a community where it is hard to begin a new church-building enterprise, all that's needed is a little church-erection money for priming purposes. If a few hundred dollars can be furnished to aid in getting the work started, or to guarantee its completion, the people are encouraged to give. The very fact that the Church, through this great department, has shown an interest in the neighborhood where the proposed church edifice is to be erected, inspires hope and confidence. This outside help is itself a challenge to the community, and is almost sure to call forth financial help that otherwise could not be secured. So much for the priming.

Helps to Make the Home Life Happy.

I'm sure that your father knows you love him, just as you take his affection for granted, but do you ever stop to think how little you have to say to him, day after day? How often do you find yourself at his side on the piazza, or by the sitting-room fire, really talking to him with the vivacity and interest you show Gertrude's father, for example? Sometimes he seems to want to talk, and asks questions to draw you out, but you answer so indifferently, and with so little desire to keep up the conversation, that he feels rebuffed, and says no more. Do you know that he said to me on my last visit, when he spoke of you, "Amy is a good girl, and a bright one; I wish I knew her better, but she doesn't seem to find her father very interesting." And, dear, there was feeling in his voice. Now I know you have not had the slightest idea of this.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"? —Lowell.

Our Boys and Girls.

Incident of Victoria's Childhood.

Queen Victoria was the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and the successor of King William IV, her father's brother. It is not uncommon for heart-burnings and jealousies to exist in royal families, and the next heir is not always lovingly regarded by the one on the throne. When the small Princess Victoria was a little girl playing with dolls, she lived with her parents in a comparatively simple home in Kensington, and the Kents were in quite limited circumstances, because King William had cut off his brother's allowances. So, the little girl had very little pocket-money, and she early began to learn the lessons of thrift which had never left her, making her when she died one of the world's richest women.

In a shop window, little Victoria saw and coveted a most beautiful doll. She often walked past the window to gaze at it. She told her governess what she would name the doll, and how it should be dressed when it became her property. But the day of possession loomed far away before the little royal maiden, for the doll's price was six shillings, and the six shillings had to be saved up a little at a time. Debt was not to be thought of, though the shop people would gladly have trusted the daughter of the good Duchess of Kent.

At last a day came when the small purse held the six silver shillings, and a very happy child it was who went off to make her purchase. The doll was hers at last. Wrapped in silver paper, and tied with silver cord, tissue paper over that, and the box to hold it all ready, she hesitated, thought, and decided that she would let the wrappings go, and, like any other mother, carry her baby home in her own arms. It was an ecstatic moment.

As she was leaving the store, she suddenly saw a man, very poor and feeble and old, begging. Her tender heart was touched by his distress. How could she relieve it? She had now no money, and this man was ill-clad and hungry.

Running back into the shop, she asked the woman if she might leave the doll a little longer. The woman did not know her, but said, kindly, "Certainly, Miss," and returned the six shillings into the dimpled hand. Out ran the little girl and dropped her whole wealth into the beggar's palm. He was amazed, and cried, "God bless you, my dear. You are a little queen." As indeed she was in every sense. The generosity which was impulsive in childhood was restrained and tempered by discretion in maturity, but Victoria, to the very end of her long life and splendid reign, was kind to the poor and suffering, and loved to relieve distress.—Christian Herald.

He Lost His Arms, But Kept His Grit.

When Tommy Doran returned to school, after recovering from the illness brought on by amputation of his arms in a railway accident, two years ago, he suffered a sensation more cruel than all the pain experienced under the surgeon's knife, and it was then, for the first time, that he realized how handicapped he was, compared with the other boys. He almost yielded to despair. What could he hope to do in the world, doomed to be always a helpless cripple who could not even feed or clothe himself? Could he ever expect to do anything worth while? Then his natural disposition asserted itself. He would not be morose; he would make the best of a bad proposition. If he could not cope physically with his

playmates, he could be their mental peer or superior. He saw that his work must be of the mind, and, when he came to this conclusion, he applied himself to his books with such determination and tenacity of purpose that his instructors were delighted. Before the accident he had not been regarded as remarkably apt in school work, but then he distinguished himself. Writing presented the first difficulty, and this he mastered by holding the pen or pencil between his teeth. With a little practice, he thus acquired a wonderful facility with the pen. He writes by the vertical system, and his letters are very regular and legible. He writes now better than he did before the accident. Superintendent Shafer of the city schools, and T. S. Thornberg, Superintendent of county schools, have recently exhibited compositions written by the little armless boy. Mathematics is his favorite study, and his teacher praises his work along that line.

Tommy's best characteristic is his sunny disposition. He doesn't mope over his misfortune. He is determined to have a good time, and the gusto with which he enters into games of "hide-and-seek" and "tag" with the other boys, yelling lustily, and running as fast as any of them, leads one to conclude that he is succeeding. His boy friends treat him with great consideration, always ready to open a door for him, or pass him a drink of water. He is now thirteen years of age, and, although he has not yet decided upon a profession, he will probably choose something along educational lines.—Success.

Living Within One's Income.

"Father, will you please lend me a dollar?"

"Yes, Carl. But, my son, this is the second this month. Is not your allowance large enough? I will increase it willingly, but I want you to learn to live within your means."

"I know, father, and I do try. As you know, I never borrow of any one else."

"That is right, my boy. Always come to me if you want money. You do manage well, and I trust you perfectly, so if you need more each month we will see to it."

"It would be fine to have more, but I do not need it. I spend too much the first of the month on luxuries, and find I need something for necessities at the close. I do not run in debt, so what can I do but come to you to advance some on my next month's allowance?"

"You do just right about that. It is a great comfort to know that you run no bills, and apply to no one else for assistance. Be careful not to overdraw, for you will get into bad habits which you can not cure when you have money to control. Here is a little statement I found long ago :

"Income, \$1; expenses, 99 cents. Result: Riches, affluence.

"Income, \$1; expenses, \$1.01. Result: Poverty, bankruptcy."

Sermon short for the text, but strong and to the point.

Mr. Cameron was called away. Carl stood studying the slip of paper. When he turned away, he had decided to discipline himself so that he might prove worthy of the larger means that would one day be his, by being faithful in the management of his small income now.—Christian Observer.

A six-year-old little fellow was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around for a little while he burst out with: "Ma, I feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

TEACHING AND HAMMERING.

Edward Thring, Uppingham, England, who died not many months ago, was a great teacher, worthy to be compared, in the estimation of many of his friends, to Arnold of Rugby. Some of the suggestions he made to his subordinate teachers on the methods of teaching are worthy of being noted by Sunday-school teachers. Thus, for instance, he makes a distinction between what he calls a "hammerer" and a "teacher":

"The teacher deals with latent power; the hammerer hammers in a given task. The teacher considers the worse the material the greater the skill in working it. The hammerer hammers at the nail and charges the material with the result. The teacher knows his subject to be infinite, and is always learning himself to put things in a new form. The hammerer thinks he knows his subject, and that the pupils ought to know it, too. The teacher is a boy among boys, in heart; in judgment, a man. The hammerer has the hardness of a man with the want of thought of a boy. The teacher meets the young on their own ground, and from their point of view, the hammerer stands above them and makes laws. Little changes make authority contemptible. Little interferences make it hateful. Pouring out knowledge is not teaching. Hearing lessons is not teaching. Hammering a task in is not teaching. Lecturing clearly is not teaching. Teaching is getting at the heart and mind."

It is a great privilege to be able to guide a soul into the light. The humble Methodist preacher who pointed Spurgeon to the Lamb of God did a greater thing for the world and for God's glory than he could have dreamed. This is the business of Christians. We should be like that precious flower that grows on the prairies of South America. If a traveler loses his way and has neither compass nor chart, by turning to this flower he will find a guide on which he can implicitly rely; for no matter how the rains descend or winds blow, its leaves and petals point to the north. That was not a bad prayer offered by a convert in a gospel mission. "O Lord, make me a guide-board pointing toward heaven!"

It was in the chariot of fire Elijah was taken to heaven. Is it not

in a similar chariot, in a figurative sense, God takes many of his people still? He brings them, as he did Elijah, to the brink of Jordan; keeps them for years hovering amid the rough, rugged glens and gorges of trial; seats them in a flaming equipage; reins in the fiery horses until, in the fire, they are refined and purified as gold, and fitted for their radiant crowns. * * * It is the chariot of fire. As God's loved ones enter it, he whispers in their ear, "Through much tribulation ye shall enter into the kingdom."—J. R. Macduff, D.D.

Yesterday I dragged wearily along, passively resigned—the Man-I-Am—between the Man-I-Might-Have-Been and the Man-I-Yet-May-Be. But now, today, I feel that with Christ's help all things are possible to the aspirations, the energy and courage that are thrill-

ing in me in this beautiful newborn life of today, and the Man-I-Yet-May-Be draws closer to my side.—O. F., in "For His Sake."

I do wish that all the tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh—in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again.—Anna Warner.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.—Channing.

The only way to get more grace is to make a proper use of what we already have.



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A PLEA FOR MEN.

When Dr. Judson needed missionary laborers in India he sent home the following earnest plea:

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Men of this stamp have been rare in all ages, but there have been those who have embodied this beautiful Christian ideal. In the presence of such we realize the transcendent beauty of unconscious goodness.

"And they took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

CULLINGS.

Each new day with its opportunities is a fresh gift from the hand of God.

Write it on your heart, that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

There is no heaven, either in this world or the world to come, for people who do not praise God.—Pulsford.

If you put off your enterprises till all the circumstances are favorable for their accomplishment, you will likely put them off forever.

God is asking constancy of us. You do not need that I should remind you what ever-besetting and fearful tempters are waylaying your steadfastness.—Bishop Huntington.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Mr. Moody tells of having asked a soldier for the process of his conversion. His graphic answer was: "Halt!" "Attention!" "Right about face!" "March!"

I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—Phillips Brooks.

We must not spend all our lives in cleaning our windows, but in sunning ourselves in God's blessed light. That light will soon show us what still needs to be cleansed, and

will enable us to cleanse it with unerring accuracy—Meyer.

Just go on with your daily tasks, doing the best you can in your circumstances, and wait for God's time. If you are a disciple of Christ, God is going to make something very beautiful, very noble, out of your life when his work on it is finished.—J. R. Miller.

The way to teach children Christianity is to show them a Christian. They need models. Teaching is necessary, but a true character is better. If you would do you must be. The child will not go beyond what he sees you to be.

God knows, to bless. He knew our sin, therefore Christ came to save. He knows our labor, and Christ calls us to his rest. He knows our trial, and Christ brings us help to overcome. He knows our aspirations, and Christ has gone to prepare a place for us. He knows our fear of death, and Christ shall come to receive us to himself, that where he is we may be also.

It is true that the work of conversion was complete, but it is not all of grace to be converted. A boy may matriculate for the university, and yet he has all his studies before him. Lazarus was fully alive and raised from the dead by the word of Jesus, yet he was bound about with graveclothes. Saul was converted, and yet there was still much for him to learn and further experiences to go through with.—Bible Studies.

Saul's work was a continuation of that of Stephen, the first preacher of the world-wide gospel. God does a great thing when he hangs Haman on his own gallows, but a greater one when he turns the life of the persecutor into a glorious enlargement upon the life which he has thwarted. Had Stephen lived he could never have done the work of Paul. Had he not died we might not have had Paul. Thus doth God make even the wrath of man to praise him. The truth which seemed to die in Stephen rose from the dead, glorified in the teaching of Paul.—W. E. Barton.

LIVING AS FRIENDS OF GOD.

It is a high honor to be a servant of a noble earthly master. To be a favorite servant of a sovereign is indeed a distinguished honor. But our divine Master calls us, not servants, but friends. We are his friends if



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we do whatever he commands us. What an exalted privilege is ours, of being our Saviour's friends? Can any earthly honor approach this in privilege among the sons of men? Let us live ever in view of it

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.—George Macdonald.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

When the little family circle is broken and we sit sadly looking upon the vacant chair, we think of the things that perhaps we might have done to keep the loved one with us. Why not think of these things now before it is too late? Is it a kind, loving and hard-working mother who is giving all her strength and efforts for the family well-being and happiness? Is it a delicate, fragile sister; or a weak and ailing wife? Try to give her the tender care she needs. Do not let her fade away for want of earnest effort to preserve and restore her.

An Ohio lady, Mrs. Shopshire, living in Ballou, Shelby Co., in a thoughtful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "My mother had an ovarian tumor which we thought would result in her death, but we commenced using your 'Favorite Prescription,' and before she had taken three bottles she began to improve; she is living to-day and we have given your medicine the credit. My mother was sixty-six years old when the tumor commenced to grow; she is seventy-six now and the tumor is all gone. She had gotten awful large, and her limbs began to swell before she began to use your medicine. I value it so much that I am hardly ever out of it in my house."

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Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, let him follow it. Labor is life. From the inmost heart of the worker wells up the Holy Spirit imparting force, the sacred, celestial, life essence—breathed into him by the Holy Ghost. Don't hurry nor worry. Do a work and then leave it alone; do it earnestly and with enthusiasm; do it as unto the Lord; do it in faith, and do it well, and when done drop it without regret. Your doings are worthless, but they are not unfruitful; they ennoble you, and make you wiser, holier, better.—King's Messenger.

The teacher was teaching the lesson about Esau and his folly in selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Willie Blank listened with open mind and eyes and mouth, caught the idea in part, and exclaimed, as the teacher affirms: "I think Esau was a very foolish man to sell his blessing for a mess of potash!"

There can be no perfect human character without discipline. Behold the shapeless marble as placed in the hand of the sculptor. Every blow of the hammer upon the chisel develops new beauties, until at length, after weary days of toil, the artist folds his hands, and in silent admiration views his work complete, pronouncing it very good.

God's call is specific to every man.

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How full of comfort is the doctrine of divine Providence! Nothing escapes our Heavenly Father's notice, and he who marks the fall of a sparrow and the growth of a flower guides and directs our steps. No blind chance drives us hither and thither, and no cruel, unrelenting fate decides our destiny. We are the children of God, and let us rejoice and live worthy of our privileges. Nothing can separate us from his love and mercy except our sins unrepented of. Should doubt of his goodness cloud the soul, let that doubt be driven away by prayer. Think of his guidance through years which are past, and let memory impart courage for the work of the present and hope for the joy of the future.

It is very proper for a sensitive man in a prominent position, pressed down with work and weary with care to sing, "Keep me little and unknown;" but there is many another person who really thinks he could be more useful if he was not quite so obscure, and who prefers to sing with utmost vigor, "Give me some work to do"; and he can not from his heart sing as do many others, "O to be nothing, nothing," for that is just what he feels himself to be at the present moment.

"Rejoicing in hope"—how easy, how delightful, to obey the command! "Patient in tribulation"—how hard to be! Yet is it possible when God, in answer to the prayer of faith, helps us. And if there is a sight sublime on which the angels from the heights of glory look it is the spectacle of a man who, grief-stricken, still is patient, and exclaims, "The will of the Lord be done."

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